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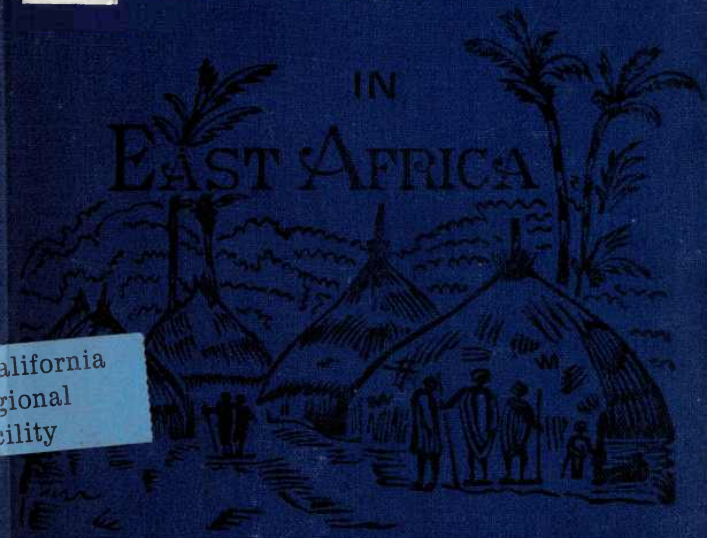
MARTYRS OF GOLBANTI

MISSIONARY HEROISM IN EAST AFRICA



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BY ROBERT BREWIN.

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REV. J. HOUGHTON.

From Photograph by Mr. G. Hadley, Lincoln.

THE

MARTYRS OF GOLBANTI;

OR,

Missionary Heroism Illustrated

IN THE LIVES OF

REV. JOHN AND MRS. HOUGHTON,

OF EAST AFRICA.

By ROBERT BREWIN,

Author of "Memoirs of Rebecca Wakefield," "Gospel Sermons for Children," "Sanctified Humour," and Editor of "Welcome Words."

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."—2 *Samuel i.* 23.

THIRD THOUSAND.

London:
ANDREW CROMBIE, 119, SALISBURY SQUARE,
FLEET STREET, E.C.

HAYMAN BROTHERS AND LILLY,
PRINTERS,
HATTON HOUSE, 113, FARRINGDON ROAD.
LONDON, E.C.

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Annex
BV
3532
H68B74
1886

Preface.

THIS book is a plain and simple record of two noble lives that were laid upon the missionary altar, and accepted there. It is not claimed for the faithful missionaries whose story is here told that they possessed extraordinary abilities, that their lives were filled with remarkable or striking incidents which called for publication, or even that they accomplished much, as the world estimates results, during the year and seven months of their missionary life on the East Coast of Africa. But their cheerful consecration to a very difficult task, their noble self-denial for the Lord's sake, their patient labour under most discouraging circumstances, their quiet yet true heroism, and the tragical death which they were permitted to suffer in the fulfilment of their mission, have rendered it fitting that some memorial of their brief and inspiring missionary career should be preserved.

For the most part, Mr. and Mrs. Houghton have been allowed to tell their own story. From a child

the writer of these memoirs has had a strong disrelish for those religious biographies in which a page of facts has been followed by a dozen pages of pious reflections, and as he supposes that what does not interest him will not interest others, he has omitted the lengthy reflections, and left the facts to speak for themselves.

The author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness for portions of the volume to the Rev. T. Wakefield's "Footprints in Eastern Africa," to Mr. Joseph Thomson's interesting book "Through Masai Land," and to the late Doctor Krapf's "Missionary Travels." By the kindness of Mr. W. Brown, of Craigmore, Denton, the complete series of Mr. and Mrs. Houghton's letters were placed at the service of the writer, and it is to these that the public are mainly indebted for the interest of this volume. To Mr. Brown and to other personal friends who have furnished the author with facts for the memoirs he presents his best thanks.

R. BREWIN.

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THE MARTYRS OF GOLBANTI.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory.

ABOUT nine o'clock on the morning of Thursday, November 2nd, 1865, an English missionary, accompanied by about twenty heathen Gallas and a few half-Christianized Wanika from Ribè, might have been seen threading his way along a narrow and winding path through the tall grass of an East African jungle, toward a spot previously agreed upon, where many of that dark-skinned company were, for the first time in their lives, to take part in a prayer-meeting. Mr. Wakefield, the missionary, was seeking to establish a mission among the Gallas, and after various perils and adventures had succeeded in obtaining a *palaver* with the king and his headmen upon the subject. The Gallas had asked the missionary many questions, and among other subjects they had introduced that of the occasional visits to their country of the dreaded

Masai warriors, who, they said, attacked their peaceful villages, carried off their cattle, and murdered all who opposed them. They had asked Mr. Wakefield what they ought to do in view of these terrible invasions. Should they fight, or what should they do? He had said to them, "I will tell you what I, and all Christian people do, when we have trouble of any kind, or are threatened with enemies; we pray to God about it, and He hears us. It is this, that God is my helper and protector, that divests me of the fear of man. I fear nobody. If I did should I be found here alone, amongst you? God is my shield." They then asked if he would also pray for them, and after some further conversation it was, at their desire, agreed upon that a prayer-meeting should be held upon the very spot, three miles distant, where the last attack of the Masai had occurred.

At length the strange procession reached the appointed place, and then, coming to a halt, one of the Gallas said to Mr. Wakefield, "It was here, on this spot, where the Masai came upon our cattle, and carried them away." The company then gathered around the white stranger while he addressed them upon the nature of prayer, and the necessity of reverence, humility and faith, in drawing near to God. They all listened with devout attention. He then said, "Now this is my custom in prayer: I kneel down, close my eyes and clasp my hands." They all instantly did the same. Mr. Wakefield then prayed to God to give the Holy Spirit to that band of heathens and to the whole

Galla people, to convince them of sin, and convert the whole race to Himself. And that, if it were His will, He would in the future prevent the dreaded raids of the plundering Masai, and bless the Gallas in their circumstances with an increase of cattle, that they might be enabled to live, and to purchase cloths and the requisites of life. When he had himself finished praying, Mr. Wakefield, opening his eyes, said, "Now I should like you to pray, and to pray with your hearts." The king then came to the front and, kneeling by Mr. Wakefield's side with clasped hands and closed eyes, in a gentle and modest manner uttered the following words, "My dear God, blind the eyes of the Masai, that they may not come again. If they should come do Thou draw them back, that they may not reach us."

After prayer was over, and all rose up from their knees, the king said, "If the Masai should come, should we fight them; or what should be our course of conduct?" Mr. Wakefield replied, "I will tell you what I should do. I should never kill a man for only stealing my property, whether that property consisted of cattle or of anything else, because human life is infinitely more valuable than all our possessions. But, supposing I were living in yonder village (pointing to one at a short distance), and in it I had a wife and children, relations and friends, and an enemy were to come, not only for the sake of rapine, but also to kill, I should certainly deem it my duty to defend their lives, and also my own. Under such cir-

cumstances I should fight; but I should never consider it justifiable to take a man's life simply because he came to steal some of my cows; by no means."

Twenty years after this first visit paid by Mr. Wakefield to this intelligent and interesting people, Mr. and Mrs. Houghton settled among them, on the banks of the Tana, as their first resident European missionaries, and it is the brief story of their life-work and early death at the hands of the cruel Masai that we have now to tell in this volume.

CHAPTER II.

Early Years of Mr. and Mrs. Houghton. Their Life in England.

THE Rev. John Houghton was born at Shevington, Lancashire, on March 26th, 1858, but when he was very young removed to Lamberhead Green in the Wigan Circuit, where he became a scholar in the Methodist Free Church Sunday-school. When he was eleven years of age his mother removed with him to Denton, near Manchester, where he found employment in a hat manufactory, proud to assist his mother by his earnings, and already showing that filial piety which was a passion of his life, and which burned on with increasing brightness to its close. His broad, bright face was quite an ornament to the classes he successively joined in the Denton Sunday-school. and he soon rose in the affection of his various teachers, and at length was invited to take charge of a class himself.

His conversion to God took place in the month of August, 1873, just a few weeks after one of our East African missionaries, Mrs. Wakefield, had died at Ribè. He was at this time fifteen and a half years of age. The Rev. George Hargreaves had just been appointed to the Denton Circuit, and on the first Sunday evening of his labours in Denton he preached

from the text, "And there went with him a band of men whose hearts God had touched." (1 Sam. x. 26.) Young John Houghton was present at the service, and remained to the prayer-meeting which was held afterwards. From his seat close by the door he had listened to an earnest appeal made by the preacher at the close of the sermon, and had resolved in answer to that appeal that he would on that night consecrate his life to God, and become himself one of "a band of men whose hearts God had touched." The prayer-meeting was no sooner commenced than he rose from his seat, walked through the long aisle to the communion rail, and, kneeling there, yielded himself up to his Saviour. Assisted by the prayers and counsel of the minister and others, he was led to see the way of faith, and rose from his knees rejoicing in the forgiveness of sins, and in the commencement of a new life in Christ Jesus. How many thousands of persons have been led into the enjoyments of the Christian life through the Sabbath evening prayer-meeting, who can tell? May these glorious opportunities of blessing souls ever be maintained in all their vigour and power in every Methodist chapel in the land.

Immediately after his conversion he joined himself to the Church at Denton. His attendance at the class meeting was both regular and punctual, and he determined so to improve and cultivate his mind by reading and study, as to fit himself for any Christian work to which the Lord might call him. At eighteen years of age he became a local preacher, and

the rapidity of his intellectual and spiritual growth were a surprise and joy to those who knew him. One of his early and well-remembered sermons was from the text, "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God" (Acts xx. 24): a text which, it may be said here, fairly illustrates his own exalted views of his work throughout the whole course of his ministerial career.

His rapid spiritual and intellectual development led those about him to feel with himself that he was called to a more full employment of his gifts than was consistent with his employment in a hatter's warehouse, and, not without shrinkings of heart in view of the greatness of the work of the Christian ministry, he offered his services to the Connexional Committee of the United Methodist Free Churches, for either the home or the foreign work. He was accepted, and in the year 1879, in the twenty-second year of his age, he entered upon a two years' course of college training, at the Theological Institute, Crescent Range, Manchester, attending also some of the classes at Owens College, close by. At the institute he was a great favourite with his fellow-students. His room was a frequent place of assembly for conversation and discussion. His own theological views were broad and catholic, but he grasped with unshaken faith those great doctrinal truths which are the stay and strength

of all true Christian life. His friends who knew him at the college speak of him as of serious demeanour, yet possessed of abundant quiet humour, and having at all times the courage of his convictions. At Owens College, he obtained, in the logic class, a first class certificate, and in the institute he carried off, in 1881, the Cuthbertson prize of £10.

At the Annual Assembly of 1881 he was appointed to the Bramley Circuit, with the Rev. Charles Tregoning as his colleague. Mr. Houghton's residence was at Kirkstall. Writing from this place on September 8th, he says :

"I arrived here safely, and on Saturday the reception tea, as announced, was held. The welcome was most free and generous, such as Yorkshiremen can give. The representatives from each of the nine Churches shook our hands in token of welcome, and each shake was endorsed by a ringing cheer. On the Monday following we had a tea meeting at Kirkstall, specially to welcome 'the young man,' when the same heartiness was shown. I have preached now at most of the places, and enjoyed the services very much. On the whole I am very contented. To be sure there comes over me sometimes a strange yearning for a look at old places and loved places; but having plenty of work effectually prevents the fostering of such a weakness, as the philosopher would call it. Mr. Tregoning is a nice fellow,—very generous-hearted. At the Circuit tea meeting he specially commended his colleague to the sympathy of the

people, and exhorted them all to 'deal gently with the young man.'"

He remained in the Bramley Circuit two years, and won universal esteem. His colleague says of him: "I shall ever cherish a deep and abiding affectionate regard for him as a true friend, and an agreeable and devoted minister of the Gospel of Christ. I regarded him as a preacher of more than average ability, and think that if his life had been spared he would have made a missionary of power, of the Rev. Charles New and Thomas Wakefield type, in the great field of Christian labour to which he had consecrated himself."

In the month of August, 1883, he removed to Lincoln, to take charge of the Saxon Street Church. Writing on October 30th, 1883, he says: "I like the change to Lincoln. The city is a quaint old place, full of interest for antiquarians and archæologists. There are ruins everywhere about. I live in an old Roman road, spanned by an arch through which I daily pass, along which undoubtedly the proud legions of Rome have travelled. The cathedral is just inexpressible. I have been through it and round it many times, but find some fresh beauty and grandeur in it at every glance. It is a thing you cannot take in all at once, it has to grow upon you. But there is no free library here as in Manchester, and scarcely any educational advantages. The country round here is just decent. I should like it better if it was not so flat. At first it is rather pretty to see for a long distance

green fields and hedgerows, with farms dotted here and there over the country, but on further acquaintance it becomes monotonous. There is very little woodland here, and although the country is close upon you the sameness of the scenery does not tend to make one very enthusiastic in the matter of solitary rambles. The Church seems in a healthy condition. All the seats are let and we are often full on Sunday evenings. There is a magnificent school with about 650 scholars and a good staff of teachers, with large assembly rooms and many class rooms. I preach every Sunday, though not always all day, and once a fortnight on Tuesday evenings."

His high Christian character and thorough devotion to his work among his people at Saxon Street were much admired. He endeared himself to the hearts of all, both young and old; and the bold, earnest, and manly expositions of Divine truth that fell from his lips during his short term of service in Lincoln will long exercise a beneficent influence over those who were privileged to listen to them.

It was, however, only a few months after his appointment to the Saxon Street Church that that change in his ministerial life was determined upon which brought his work in England to an early and sudden close. A special fund of £1000 was being raised in the denomination with the view of planting European missionaries in the Galla country, and the missionary committee issued an appeal for men for this service. How this appeal came home to his heart, and changed

the whole course of his career, is told by himself in a letter to a friend. Writing on July 8th, 1884, he says, replying to a certain request from that friend: "I should be glad in the ordinary course of things to help you in the way you suggest. But the course of things with me is not ordinary. I have offered for East Africa, and shall most likely be accepted, and take my departure in the autumn. It has been a most painful thing to do, and never in my life were duty and inclination so sharply opposed. I have always felt that such would be my life-work; and when a circular-letter from Mr. Adcock announced that money was waiting for a man, it seemed to me a direct call, and I dared not refuse it. I am sorry most to leave my present sphere,—a better, nobler people is not in the Connexion."

A friend of his youthful days thus relates the account he received from Mr. Houghton's own lips of his call to the missionary work in Eastern Africa. He says: "While taking a walk with Mr. Houghton one evening, I asked him why he was leaving home, his dear mother, and all his kind friends, for a home which was more like banishment. His reply almost startled me. He said: 'Well, it does seem hard, and, if I might exercise my will, perhaps I should remain in England. I have often read and heard of people being called to some special work, and always had a doubt about them, but now the experience is my own. Strange to say, as I was sitting in my study reading about our missionary work, the request of our Annual

Assembly came before my mind for a volunteer to take the Galla mission. As quick as thought I was impressed, "John, you are the man: this is your work." It was as though a voice whispered to me. I was so deeply struck that I fell into a kind of reverie. I roused myself up, so that I might be sure it was no dream, and took a walk, but to no purpose. I again tried to read, but all I could see was, "A volunteer for the Galla mission." I retired to my bed, but could not rest, and after a weary night I rose next morning and wrote a letter at once offering for the Galla mission. Now you know why I leave home. Could I resist this duty?'"

Some of his friends, anxious to retain his services for the Churches at home, tried to dissuade him from taking the step upon which his decision was now made known. To their remonstrances he quietly replied, "Yes, there is plenty to do here, and I quite see that I might possibly do more good by staying, still I have such a strong conviction that this Galla work is for me that I must go." When other persons set before him the sufferings and perils he would probably have to face in planting a new mission in Africa he said, "We are going to Africa to work; not to seek all these horrors spoken of. If we meet with them we must do our best." These answers fairly show the man.

Mr. Houghton was not destined to go out to East Africa alone. He was at this time engaged to be married to Miss Annie Brown, of Craigmore, Denton, a sister of one of the partners in the firm of Messrs.

Moores, Birkby and Brown, hat manufacturers, whose warehouse he left to enter the Theological Institute at Manchester: and this brave and good Christian woman nobly and cheerfully determined to cast in her lot with this new missionary enterprise, and go out with Mr. Houghton to assist him in his sacred though perilous work.

Perhaps too much can hardly be said in praise of the calm, heroic consecration to her life-work that must be allowed to reveal itself in Mrs. Houghton's lively and interesting letters to her friends, but there is not much of special interest to the general reader which requires to be told concerning the early life of this brave woman.

She was the youngest daughter of Mr. John Brown, of Shaw Heath, near Stockport, where she was born on May 15th, 1852. When she was five years old her mother died, and her father having gone to New Zealand, where he also died, she was received under the care, first of an uncle, and, upon his death, of her grandmother, and here was her real home. She left school early and went to work as a hat-trimmer, first at Messrs. Christy and Co's., and afterwards, for many years (indeed up to the time of her marriage) in the trimming department of the hat factory in which her brother was one of the partners, and in which she occupied the important position of fore-mistress. It was here that Mr. Houghton formed her acquaintance.

Her conversion was brought about mainly through the efforts of the teachers in the celebrated Stockport

Sunday-school, in which she was first a scholar and afterwards, for many years, a diligent and successful teacher. She was commonly of a grave and quiet demeanour, more practical than sentimental, and yet sometimes astonished her friends by bright sallies of humour and wit that put the whole circle into hearty laughter. She was very generous and kind to the poor, often, after a hard day's labour at the works, spending the evening hours in making up or trimming hats for the poorer scholars in the Sunday-school, or, Dorcas-like, in making garments for the needy. For her, living was doing. She was kind and considerate to the workpeople, who bear the most grateful tribute to her generous conduct toward them.

When Mr. Houghton's decision to go to Africa was made known to her it did not take her by surprise. She had, before this, had thoughts of devoting herself to a missionary life, and had been strengthened in this leaning through reading the life of Dr. Norman Macleod, a book which she frequently commended to the notice of her friends.

Her marriage took place at Denton on September 4th, 1884, in the presence of a large number of friends, the Rev. W. Skinner performing the ceremony. Among the numerous presents was a medicine chest, on receiving which Mr. Houghton observed, "Rest assured, with God's help, and the aid of that chest, we shall live as long as we can."

The short honeymoon was spent at Lytham, and then the time was divided between the necessary pre-

MRS. HOUGHTON.

From a Photograph by Mr. G. Hadley, Lincoln.

parations for the voyage and the paying of "flying visits" to her own and Mr. Houghton's friends. These farewell visits were not much to Mrs. Houghton's mind. She observed: "To go about and receive so many kind receptions,—a farewell sermon here, another there, to be the object of such kind yet curious interest may be all very well, but it does not suit me. It is too much like being on view; and now that we have decided to go, I don't care how soon we are right-about-face with the work before us."

At Lytham the bride and bridegroom had met Mr. Houghton's former colleague, the Rev. Charles Tregoning, and he had some conversation with them upon the subject of their approaching departure for the mission field. Mr. Houghton said: "This call to the mission work in East Africa is a call from God, and I dare not resist it." Mr. Tregoning said: "What about your mother and other friends? Is this course of action agreeable to them?" He replied: "They are not so willing that we should go, but God calls, and I must not refuse."

The last farewells soon came. The few days immediately before sailing were spent in London, in making purchases, paying visits, and in sight-seeing with a sad heart. On Wednesday morning, October 22nd, they went on board the S.S. *Kerbela*, which lay moored close to the wharf of the Royal Albert Dock, London, accompanied by the Missionary Secretary and other ministers, a number of London Free Methodists, and some of their own dearest personal friends. The

Rev. J. Baxter and Mrs. Baxter were also going out to East Africa as fellow-missionaries, and many friends were there also to witness their departure. The last bell is rung; the usual announcement, "Non-passengers ashore," is made, and the time for heart-aching and farewell has come. Both Mr. and Mrs. Houghton bore up bravely, Mr. Houghton being bright almost to gaiety as he heartily shook the hands of those who one by one wished him a pleasant voyage. When Mrs. Houghton came to say the last good-bye to her brother there was much suppressed emotion, but it was her nature to be brave, and she was brave to the last. Standing on the upper deck, with a large bouquet in her hand (the parting gift of a lady friend), and still struggling to be calm, as the vessel is gliding out into the river she flings her last words to the ears of her loved ones, "Fear not for me: I shall be all right;" and soon the vessel with its precious freight is lost to view in the distance.

CHAPTER III.

The Voyage to East Africa.

THE voyage from London to Mombasa, East Africa, occupied over five weeks, and the following extracts from letters written on the way will, we believe, be of interest to the reader. Mrs. Houghton writes:

"TRAFALGAR BAY, *October 28th*, 1884.

"We expect to-morrow to stop at Gibraltar for coal, so I am just writing you a line to let you know how we are getting along. As we were crossing the Bay of Biscay on Sunday and Monday there was a heavy swell, and I had to keep my berth for two days with sea-sickness. I am now feeling quite strong again. The weather so far has been very favourable Yesterday was very warm and we had a very clear, moonlight night."

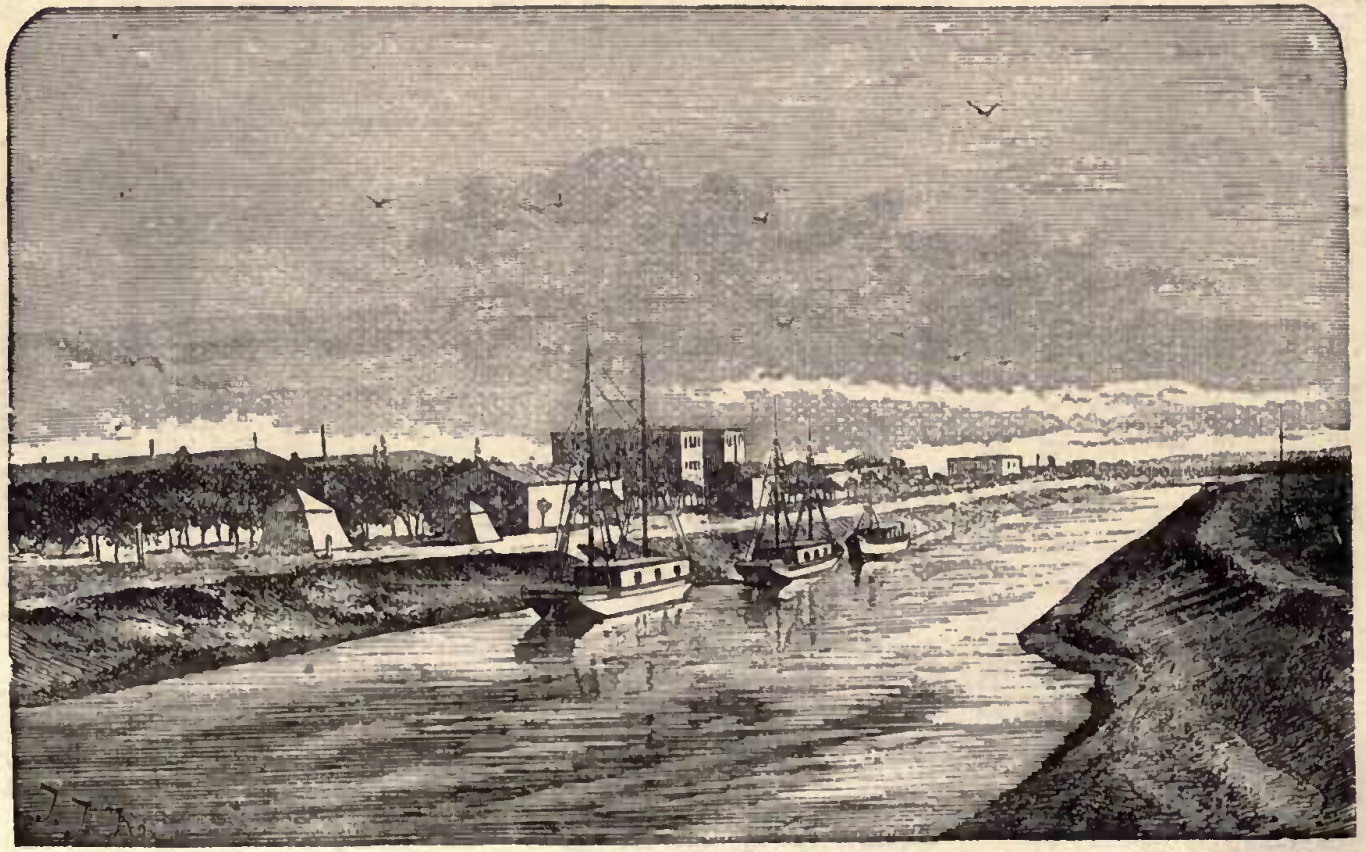
The call at Gibraltar proved very pleasant. Writing on November 4th, Mr. Houghton says:

"We arrived at Gibraltar early on Wednesday morning, passing through the straits by daylight, and before nine o'clock were alongside a coaling vessel from Cardiff. There is a beautiful view of the fort from the bay. It was a lovely morning, bright, warm, and calm. There was not a ripple on the water, and

as we steamed slowly along, the magnificent rock more than 1,000 feet high, which stands straight out from the water, revealed its different points of interest. We were surprised to find a moderate-sized town, or rather double-town, English and Spanish, with some really fine public buildings. The English part came first in sight, with its pretty church, asylum, park-like walks and gardens, and well-built houses. Its population is 6,000. The Spanish town is much larger, though not so handsome. The houses, both English and Spanish, have a bright look, being built of a yellowish stone, and, reclining upon the one side of the rock which allows of their being perched upon it, look very picturesque indeed.

"We went ashore in a small boat, very glad to escape from the numerous vendors of small articles who had crowded our decks, and were vigorously pushing the sale of their goods in boats below. On landing at the miserable apology for a quay, we made our way under the direction of a guide to the market-place, and found it a very handsome and spacious one, with one end for meat, another for fruit and vegetables and one for fish. There is a separate market for the use of the Jews. After breakfast we were ready for the ascent of the Rock, and this we did in fine state. We were a party of six. For Mrs. Baxter and Mrs. Houghton we had two fine Egyptian donkeys, and we four gentlemen rode another by turns. It was a fine sight for a bright morning. The ladies had a boy each to hold the saddles on, and drive the animals. In a short

time we came to the oldest building on the rock, a Moorish castle six hundred years old. It was a rude structure, but well built, and in good preservation. Near it is a splendid hospital for civilians, quite new. The hill itself has been cut into to gain points of vantage for cannon, and a long, circular rising tunnel, termed the gallery, cut through the solid rock, we were allowed to enter, beasts and all. It was great fun going along this gallery, as we were sometimes in the dark, and had to take our choice between backing or breaking our heads against the rock. When we emerged we were rewarded with a fine view of the bay, and of the Spanish territory; its large amphi-theatre for bull-fights standing prominently out in the distance. We also had beneath us the neutral ground, a strip of barren land separating English from Spanish soil. Still higher we came, bathed in perspiration, to the signal station at the top, the highest point of all, and here it was as hot as June at Denton. The view was grand beyond description. The bay in front was as calm as a lake, and so was the Mediterranean behind us. A hundred-ton gun looked like a play-thing, and a score of men cleaning it like pigmies. In coming down again we saw a cave which had many natural pillars, formed by deposits of lime from falling water. It was of immense depth, and when lighted up by a blue light looked very grand and weird. We scampered down quickly, to the peril of the ladies, who lost all control of the donkeys in laughter, and proceeded back to the hotel; then bought



SUEZ CANAL

some oranges, lemons, figs, &c., and made our way to the *Kerbela*, looking, by the way, at some of our largest gunboats anchored in the bay, having all of us been both delighted and benefited by our visit to Gibraltar. We steamed out about 2.30, and were soon in the Mediterranean. We had a few days nice sailing, and then a rough time, everybody being sick again. Mrs. Houghton, when better, got nearly pitched overboard, and had to be tied down on the deck. We took in coals at Port Said on Friday night, passed the canal on Saturday and Sunday, and are now in the Red Sea near Mount Sinai."

On November 18th, Mr. Houghton gives us a glimpse of the port of Aden—

"November 18th. To-day is Tuesday. We came ashore yesterday, and have spent one night at the hotel. Aden is a huge volcanic rock, without any vegetation whatever: dry, bare rock. There is a population of 25,000, besides 6,000 soldiers. Somehow the people find a means of subsistence. They are mostly negroes, Arabs, and Parsees. We went this morning to the tanks, some four miles away. These are natural reservoirs of an unknown age, the craters of an extinct volcano. They are now empty, it being nearly two years since there was any rain. All the water the people now drink is condensed from the sea. Aden is very hot. It is winter now, but the climate is far hotter than our summer. We go aboard the *Abyssinia* to-day, and sail to-morrow for Mombasa, hoping to reach there in seven or eight days."

The next extract brings our voyagers almost within sight of Mombasa—

"S.S. *Abyssinia*, LAMU, *November 26th*, 1884.—We are now within one day of our journey's end. We have made a good passage in the *Abyssinia*, with fine weather and no sickness to speak of. There is a nice

ADEN.

company on board, though varied in character. We have French and Portuguese merchants going to Zanzibar, Belgian explorers bound for Lake Tanganyika, Roman Catholic missionaries, an army captain and his wife bound for the Cape, Arabs, and about eighty or ninety negro children rescued from slavery by a British gunboat in the Persian gulf.

They, along with many men and some few women were in three Arab dhows, and, after a hot chase and capture, were brought to Aden. The children are going to Mombasa to a school under the care of the English Church missionaries. They are a lively party, and make the under-deck ring with their merry laughter. Lamu is a small town with a British consul, and is also one of our stations, the one, in fact, which is designed as the base of our operations in the Galla country." He adds: "I went ashore early this morning with a small shooting party. We saw many fine birds of lovely plumage and beautiful butterflies. We also saw numbers of huge monkeys, and shot a couple of deer." This was Mr. Houghton's first adventure on the continent of Africa.

Mrs. Houghton gives the following account of the arrival of the missionary party in East Africa, and of her first impressions of Jomvu and its people. She says, writing on December 10th:

"We arrived at Mombasa on November 28th, a day earlier than we were expected; so we stayed one night with Mr. and Mrs. Handford, missionaries of the Church of England at Frere Town. We were very comfortable, and the change was most agreeable after nearly six weeks' sailing, though we had a splendid voyage. On the following day, November 29th, Mr. Wakefield brought from Jomvu the mission boat. Jomvu is about two hours' sail from Frere Town.

"On our arrival the natives assembled in large numbers to greet us, and gave us a most welcome

FRERE TOWN, FROM MOMBASA.

reception with shooting, singing, dancing, and other performances I could not well understand. Jomvu is a very pretty place, with hills, dales, trees, and flowers. In fact the whole place seems to be like a huge park. The flowers are not like our English flowers, but some of them are equally beautiful. We are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield for some months until we know something of the language. Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield are exceedingly kind. Mr. Wakefield is by no means an old gentleman. They are exceedingly happy: they are both very lively, and this is very cheering in this country where friends are few. It is now the warm season, which we shall have until March. We have the sun shining powerfully, though it is often tempered by a breeze, so we do not experience very much inconvenience from the heat. My greatest trouble at present is from the mosquitoes. They are so fond of me, but I am told they will cease to trouble me shortly." She adds: "We have service for the natives every morning at six o'clock. On Sundays we have three services. I do trust we shall be able to do a good work here, for the natives are very ignorant, though teachable. I am sure if some of our Churches and schools knew more about the poor people here they would do more for the missionary cause."

NOTE. The following directions may assist the reader in the pronunciation of East African names. The letter "e" is never silent. "A" is pronounced like "a" in "mamma," "e" like "a" in pane, "i" as "e" in "be," "o" has both the short and long sound as in English, "u" is not pronounced as if it were spelt "yu" but more like "oo" and "w" and "y" are pronounced as in English.

CHAPTER IV.

Life at Jomvu.

AT the time the missionary party landed in Eastern Africa the United Methodist Free Churches had three principal stations in that country. The most important of these was at Jomvu, a village of some 200 inhabitants, which is distant about twelve miles from Mombasa, from which town a winding and ever-narrowing tidal creek extends right up to the place. Ribè, the older mission station, but now of less importance, stands on the hills about eight miles inland from Jomvu, a rolling forest-like country separating them. Ribè was formerly reached by a sail of twelve miles along another creek, also running up from Mombasa, and then by a rough journey of six miles through the forest, but the Jomvu route is now preferred. The third station was at Golbanti, some distance inland from Lamu, a seaport 130 miles north of Mombasa. The Jomvu station, with about 100 members in Society, was under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield. Mr. During, an able native minister from Western Africa, was at Golbanti, engaged in planting the new mission to the Gallas, and Ribè, with nearly seventy members, was without a resident white mis-

A MISSION HOUSE AT FRERE TOWN, MOMBASA.

sionary. Mrs. During lived there, and, assisted by native agents, carried forward the daily services. For about five months after their arrival in Eastern Africa Mr. and Mrs. Houghton made their home with Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield at Jomvu. Mr. and Mrs. Baxter also resided for the first few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield, but afterwards moved into a cottage near at hand which had been prepared for them.

The most interesting account of these first five months in their adopted land, is found in the letters of Mr. and Mrs. Houghton to their English friends, and as these have been kindly placed at the disposal of the writer, selections from them are now placed before the readers of this volume.

Writing on January 10th, 1885, Mrs. Houghton says:

"We do not get along with the language very quickly. I don't think I shall ever learn it properly, I shall be so glad to get just what I shall be able to manage with. Mr. Houghton and Mr. Baxter preach by turns, and Mr. Wakefield translates. I have a sewing class every afternoon. There are married women in it who can scarcely sew a stitch. Some of them bring their babies with them tied on their backs. The babes are quite naked, and some of the mothers have only a loin cloth, and others just a kind of loose garment. We have been making loose jackets and skirts during the last few weeks for a few of them who are anxious to look decent. We charge them a small sum for them or we should never get along at all.

The women are more industrious than the men. The men will lay themselves down beside their work if not prevented, but they are very quiet and harmless people."

AFRICAN HEATHEN MOTHER AND CHILD.

Writing on the same date, Mr. Houghton puts in a letter for one of his young nephews, in which he says: "If it is too cold for you at Denton you must come to Jomvu. It is always warm here. We don't

have any fog, or frost, or snow. The sun shines brightly every day. The house we live in is larger than yours at Craigmore. The rooms are as large as your dining-room and parlour in one, with wide doors and windows without any glass in them, to let the air go right through them. We have a large garden with many beautiful flowers in it, some of them only open when the sun is going down, and are called 'four o'clocks.' There is a beautiful wide river comes up here from the sea, and sometimes when the tide is up we go fishing. Yesterday we caught a young shark, and the day before an eel, besides other fish. There are some very nice butterflies and beetles here, and, what is not nice, sometimes we have hyenas come at night. Last night a leopard came and carried a little child some distance away; but a man ran after it and frightened it, so that it dropped the child, and we had to get up and bandage its little neck, where the leopard's teeth had been. The child was sleeping outside when the beast came."

In a letter to another friend, under date of January 21st, 1885, Mr. Houghton says:

"We are now settling down in our new sphere. The habits and customs of the people, and the new habits we have had to form seemed strange to us. It is astonishing how different from one's preconceived ideas is Africa and African mission work. The climate is not nearly so hot as we thought. At mid-day, of course, it is almost unbearable out of doors, but morning and evening it is not unpleasant. It is trying because

it is always the same. Fever is like a severe cold with violent headache, and may arise from undue exposure to the sun, or from sitting in a draught, and is only dangerous because of the great weakness it induces. Mrs. Houghton has had her first experience of it, but, I am glad to say, is quite well again.

"Jomvu is pleasantly situated. It is high, near a creek of the sea, and not near any malarious swamp. The country round here is very different from what one might expect. From Jomvu there are splendid views of hill and dale on every side; trees and wild flowers and green grass always meet the eye. The face of the country is not unlike some of our home scenery: and, about Ribè, there is little at home to match it. Insect life is everywhere abundant, and, in some cases, more annoying than interesting. Butterflies and beetles are very beautiful. We have wild animals, but never see them, as they come in the night. Hyenas, leopards, and sometimes lions visit us, but Mr. Wakefield in his twenty-five years here has seen none of these alive. A leopard, however, on Saturday came right into the town, and carried away a child which was following its mother, and although it was recovered by frightening the animal, it died the next day.

"Jomvu itself has become a town of some 200 people, many of them runaway slaves, and of the lowest type of humanity; gathered together for the purpose of obtaining work and shelter. The Galla mission is, I think, likely to prove a more hopeful enterprise. The

few Gallas here are certainly superior to the rest of our people. It is probable I may go to this mission ere long, and then shall be able to give an impression of our prospects.

"Anyhow we are to take our part in the evangelization of Africa. All the societies are doing their utmost. The Free Churches have taken their position, and are pledged to further effort. In proportion to the difficulty of an enterprise should be our zeal in its promotion. Mr. During, an African from the West Coast, is a splendid fellow, and several others who have had an English training show that the difference is not in the men but in their unfortutunate position; and it seems very probable that Africans on the whole are superior to our own forefathers, the ancient Britons.

"We are living still with Mr. Wakefield in a large, fine, stone house, and find constant employment in painting, joiner's work, and general oversight of other labourers. We are studying the language too, and find much interest there. Mrs. Houghton is teaching the women to sew. Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield and Mr. and Mrs. Baxter are all busy, and generally well."

Writing on February 15th, Mr. Houghton describes a hurried journey to Ribè, and makes a touching reference to his expected settlement in the Galla country. He says:

"We are going on as usual, but are just on the eve of a new experience. I expect going on Wednesday to Lamu, and from thence to the Galla country.

RIVER TRAVELLING BY NIGHT.

Mrs. Houghton stays here with Mrs. Wakefield and the Baxters, until we see what kind of a house is there, when I shall return for her, and we shall make our home there. The Galla mission is yet in its infancy, and maybe we shall have to rough it for a few months: *but that has no terrors for us.*" He continues—

"Last Sunday we got word from Ribè that Mrs. During (who lives there while her husband is in the Galla country) was very ill. Mr. Wakefield and I set off at once, taking with us that invaluable medicine chest the good folks at Denton gave me. The walk was through eight miles of bush, over hill and dale, and not unenjoyable in the cool of the evening. It was quite dark before we got there, and it was quite an African-like scene that we presented. Mr. Wakefield and I without coats, and with helmets, knicker-

TENT PITCHED FOR THE NIGHT.

bockers, and large boots, threaded our way, long sticks in hand, across rivers and through dangerous places, by the aid of a lantern held by our black cook. Above us the stars shone most brilliantly, and, when we halted to drink the delicious liquor of our cocoa-nuts, we could not but wish it was possible for you to see a starlight night in this clear sky. We found Mrs. During not so ill as we expected, and by a few doses of medicine put her in the way to recovery.

"Two days before this we went to Duruma (about nine miles in another direction), to confer with the chief men of the tribe who had sent for us about establishing a mission there. In all these journeys we have to take our own provisions, cook, and tent. From Duruma we returned to Jomvu by boat, thinking we should get home sooner, but it was two o'clock in the morning before we reached our alarmed wives at Jomvu; having been cramped in a little boat for seven hours. But after a good sleep we were none the worse for our adventure."

CHAPTER V.

A Visit to the Galla Country.

BEFORE we accompany Mr. Houghton in his first journey to Golbanti, for which he was now preparing, it will be proper that we shall take a glimpse of Mr. During, amid his difficult task of establishing the mission among the Gallas.

It was on Christmas Day, 1883, that this intelligent and faithful African missionary, accompanied by several converted Gallas, left Jomvu to form a Christian settlement in the Galla country and so establish the long-talked-of Mission there. The party reached Lamu and Kipini safely, and after many difficulties and discouragements at length were permitted to settle at Golbanti, with the view of Christianizing this interesting but heathen people. Some idea of the difficulties of establishing a mission among a savage people may be gathered from the following incident, related by Mr. During concerning his arrival among this people. "We were told by some Wakopomos to wait outside the town till the Gallas should come. In about twenty minutes Kurti came running toward us, gasping for breath, and saying, 'Make haste and

leave this place, for the Gallas are coming to *binekiza* you all, and kill you.' They came, twenty in number, with spears. I inquired the reason of their being so enraged, and anxious to fight. I said, 'I am but a stranger, a messenger of good tidings, of peace to you, the Gallas.' 'Nay,' they said, 'we won't have you here.' I replied, 'I am come at the invitation of your chief, Aba Roba Jilsat.' 'Nay,' they said, 'we will not have you.' Then they questioned Aba Shora and Shakala (Christian Gallas). 'Do you not know the custom of your forefathers? The state of our country as it now is; do you not see that we are almost dwindled to nothing. Our children and our wives are taken captives and sold into slavery, all through our allowing the white man to come to our country. You are not as yet satisfied; and you bring your *dunga gurach* (*black* white man) to finish us up. Be off. Go home.'" Surely it must have been very trying to the faith and patience of Mr. During, to be treated in this manner. He persevered in his work, however, purchased a plot of ground at Golbanti, close to the River Tana, built an iron mission-house and a small chapel, commenced teaching the natives, and, at the time of Mr. Houghton's visit, had gathered an interesting little company of candidates for Christian baptism.

Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Houghton set out upon the proposed visit to Golbanti about the middle of February, and the account of this journey will be best given in Mr. Houghton's own words. He says

in a letter to the writer, sent for insertion in *Welcome Words*:

"On Ash Wednesday, February 18th, here a bright hot day, Mr. Wakefield and myself, our two cooks and a boy, left Jomvu, in the *Spotland*, for Mombasa, where we were to embark for Lamu, a Swahili town 130 miles nearer home than Mombasa. This part of the journey was very pleasant. In the steamer the sea breezes and cool evenings were very refreshing to us who had not known the thermometer much below ninety degrees, night or day, for some weeks. For a too eager desire to enjoy the cool breeze I had to pay in a first fever next day at Lamu, brought on through sleeping in the draught from a port-hole of the cabin in which we lay. This delayed us for a couple of days, and it was Monday before we started on the second stage of our journey, now reinforced by Mr. During, who had kindly come down from Golbanti, to make all arrangements for our passage up. Our course now was a retracing of our way on the sea. Embarked in a heavy though not large vessel, and having a good breeze, we sailed along charmingly from eight o'clock till three, with little to interest us beyond the pleasant rocking of the boat, and gazing dreamily on the restless and ever-mysterious wide waste of waters. Halfway on our journey we passed close to a small island, and amused ourselves with watching the angry waves which lashed themselves into fury against the inoffensive rocks, sending up dense clouds of spray, so delightful to behold that we

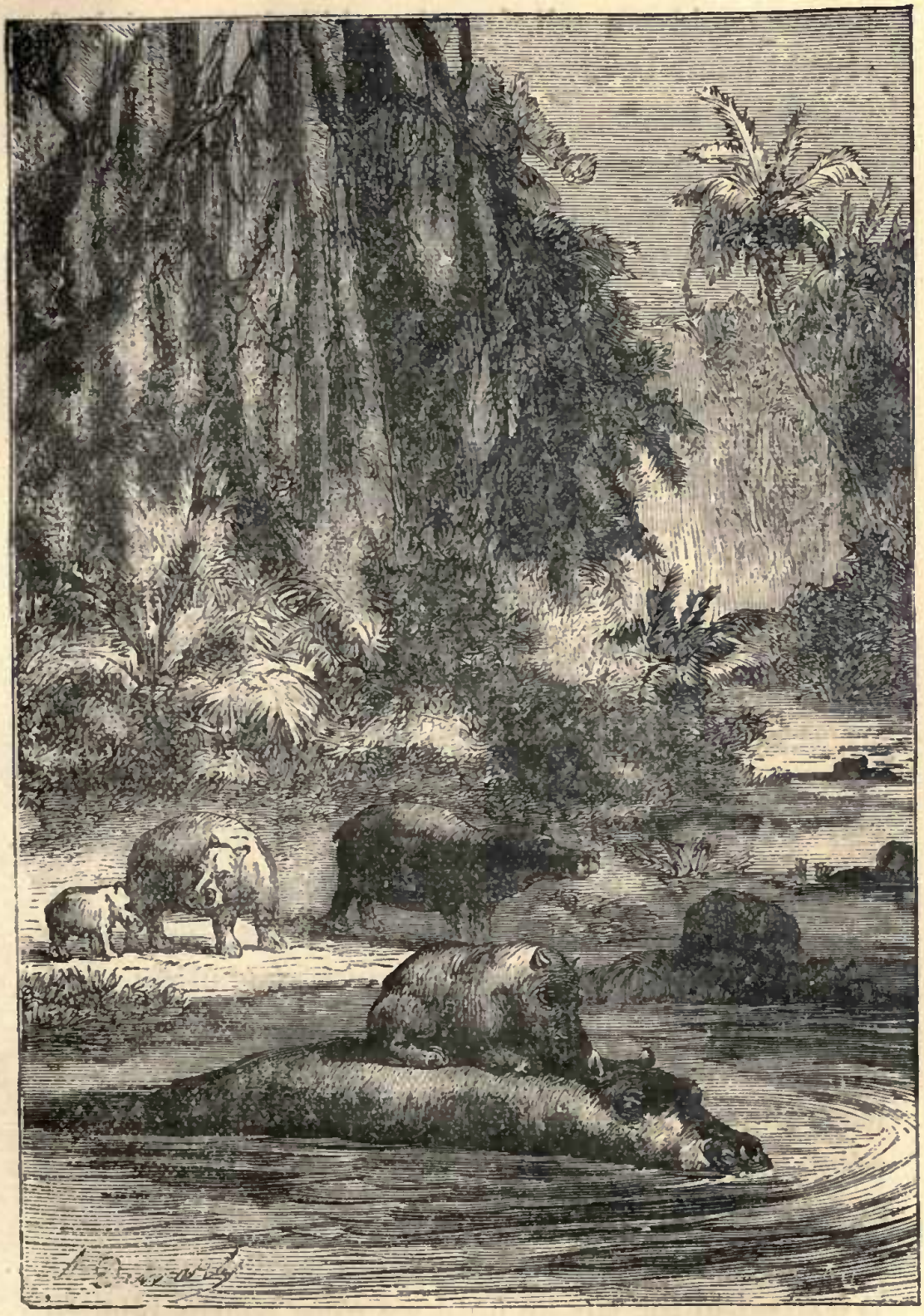
strained our eyes long after passing to see the last of it.

At three o'clock we reached Kipini, another Swahili town on the coast, and at the mouth of the River Ozi, up which our course now lay. We found the town in great excitement. All the soldiers and many of the people were out on the beach firing guns, dancing, singing, and shouting, to welcome home their captain and governor, who had been on a visit to the Sultan of Zanzibar. Kipini is very beautiful for situation. Opening on one side to the sandy shore of the sea, with sand-hills—just like those of Mablethorpe, in Lincolnshire—stretching away for many miles of coast, and on the other side to the wide mouth of the Ozi, with a fine large beach, it would, if in England, soon be a popular resort. The evening we were there was the time of full moon. Mr. Wakefield was so enchanted with a stroll on the beach that he called me from our miserable hut, (where I had lain, still weak from fever,) to share the pleasure of the scene, and it certainly was delightful. Imagine us standing on the level, sandy beach, the water gently rippling at our feet, no sound but the distant hum of insects, or the occasional splash of some fish in the river, and the moon flooding the whole with a light brighter than the brightest moonlight we know at home, and say, should you not like to have been there? Before saying yes, remember also you would have had to sleep in a mud hut, in a small room, with no outlet but the door, and for a part of the night filled

with smoke, which, however, was not nearly so disagreeable as the mosquitoes, which would have bitten and stung you all night long ; also that it was very hot, and our house was surrounded by others like it, which at once shut out the breeze from the river and sea, and created unpleasant smells.

"We were heartily glad of morning, when we got on board again, and very slowly made our way up the River Ozi. For a long distance the river was very wide, its edges on both sides lined with a thick belt of jungle and forest, the natural home of the lion, leopard, hyena, and other wild beasts. There were many beautiful flowers to be seen, and birds of gorgeous plumage skipping about, with monkeys and squirrels enough to excite the attention of those strange to such scenes.

"But what was most interesting was to watch the hippopotami playing in the river. These large, ugly beasts, living in the river during the daytime, forsake it at night, to wander in the woods and fields in search of food. And sad havoc they make amongst the *shambas* of Indian corn or rice, if planted by the natives anywhere near their haunts. This was the first time I had seen them out of a cage, or in their own home, and was all attention when the cry of their appearance was raised. And they seemed to be quite at home in this river. Before us sometimes, and sometimes behind us, in a long line across the river they played, quite close to our boat. Several shots were fired at them, but whether to any purpose or



HIPPOPOTAMI PLAYING IN THE RIVER.

not we could not tell, for, when killed, they sink for several hours before rising again and floating on the water.

"Thus pleasantly diverted, we sailed along till nearly noon, when we arrived at Kau, another Swahili town, like Kipini for its filth and wretchedness, but having no such pleasant surroundings. There we refreshed ourselves with a meal, after drinking coffee with the elders, who, however, only received us coolly, being greatly suspicious of our mission. Accordingly we left about three o'clock, and made for the head of the river, which we reached soon after sunset, with no other incident than a start from a huge hippopotamus, which charged our boat for some reason known only to itself, making us think we had struck a rock, until we saw him close to our side.

"At Bellezoni, where we were to leave the boat and the Ozi, our troubles began in good earnest. Of mosquitoes, it would be no exaggeration to say there were millions, the tall rank grass, several feet deep on each side of the river, favouring their development. They came on us in clouds, almost driving us mad. Mr. Wakefield and I determined to leave the boat and pitch our iron bedstead in a field adjoining. Our boys went and made two fires for us, and we went ashore to assist in putting up our beds. But, if anything, the mosquitoes were worse here. We stood in the smoke until we were nearly blinded, and almost leaped into the fire, but no matter; as fast as we scraped handfuls off our heads and faces others

were waiting to take their places. And what was, if not so irritating, more alarming, a deep, loud growl broke the stillness of the night, proceeding from a lion not far away, So, as sleep was now out of the question, and safety was worth a thought, we beat a retreat to the boat again, where we huddled together in great misery, waiting for the morning. Never did I look to the East with such earnestness for the first streak of morning light, and when, at the end of that long night, the sun shot forth and put to flight our fiendish enemies, it was like another world to us."

After a number of other trying experiences, Messrs. Wakefield and Houghton reached Golbanti, and Mr. Houghton thus describes the mission station as he first saw it at this time. "It is," he says, "close to the river Tana, which is perhaps thirty yards wide, of a brownish-red colour, and flows on very swiftly as if anxious to take its load of soil to the sea. At our station it bends round and leaves quite a little harbour in the bend. The station is on the left-hand side of the river going up, and is surrounded by trees, some of them very large, tall, and graceful. The mission-house is made of iron sheets, and roofed with a thatch of palm leaves. It has a verandah on two sides. The house is not large, having only two rooms, both on the ground floor. Near to it are kitchen, store-rooms, &c., and the whole is inclosed in a strong stout fence of tree-stumps, twelve feet high, making a circle perhaps forty yards in diameter. There is also a small neat

chapel, built of thin poles, and plastered with mud ; it is rudely furnished with a table and a few forms. The land all round has been cleared of trees and bushes, good wide roads are made, or being made, on and about which are clustered the huts of people on the station.

The country round is very flat, only one tiny range of low hills to be seen in one direction ; everywhere else green fields, unbroken, stretch away as far as the eye can see. There are several villages of Gallas not far away, some of which we visited ; they are not large settlements, just a few huts, which are for all the world like bee-hives, and have only one opening, through which the people creep in and out, and which are constantly closed up by a kind of mat suspended from within."

Of the people to whom he was now for the first time introduced, he says :

" The Gallas themselves are a very different people from those living on the coast, finer looking, with features as regular as those of Europeans, and some of them, the children especially, are really pretty. The sole occupation of the people is the care of their cows, which constitute their wealth and importance. Both men and women are well dressed for savages ; wearing a good long loin-cloth, fastened round the waist with a strip of calico as belt, in which are placed their knives, and other small arms, tools, &c. ; a large piece of stout cloth, which is very gracefully thrown over the shoulders, completes the outfit. They seem

AN IRON MISSION-HOUSE, EAST AFRICA.

very fond of ornaments, the women especially being quite laden with chains, rings, armlets, anklets, &c., of different materials and value. Most of the ornaments of the men have a special significance. Only after having attained a certain position in the tribe or performed some valorous deed are they allowed to wear them. Both men and women have nice long curly hair on their heads, the women evidently bestowing great pains on its arrangement. They look on themselves as superior people, and do not forget to lord it over the other races about them, whom they treat as inferiors in every way, and take their Indian corn when it is ready, or whatever else in their possession they fancy, without the least scruple."

This journey to Golbanti having fulfilled its present purpose, Mr. Houghton and Mr. Wakefield returned in safety to Jomvu, to the great joy of their friends.

CHAPTER VI.

Nine Months at Ribe.

AS the mission at Golbanti was not found to be in a sufficiently advanced state to justify the immediate removal of Mr. and Mrs. Houghton to that place, they volunteered to take charge of the station at Ribè until the time for their settlement among the Gallas should come, and accordingly, in the month of April, 1885, they removed from Jomvu to that place. Of the United Methodist Free Churches mission stations in Eastern Africa Ribè is the oldest. Here Doctor Krapf and Messrs. Wakefield, New, Butterworth, Yates, Seden, Martin, Randall, Ramshaw, and other missionaries have successively wrought and suffered in the glorious cause; and in the little cemetery on the left hand of the mission-house, may be seen the graves of Mr. Butterworth, Mr. New, Mr. Martin, and Mrs. Rebecca Wakefield, besides those of many native Christians who at this station found the Saviour, and, being faithful unto death, were laid to rest among those from whose lips they first heard the word of life.

The following peep at Ribè as it now is will be interesting to those who are acquainted with the thrill-

ing history of this East African mission station. Writing home on May 5th, 1885, Mr. Houghton says: "We are now settled down in a good six-roomed house with a very large garden. We have only a foot-path winding up hill and down, and crossing the rivers, so that we are quite by ourselves. We have some very beautiful flowers all around us, the sight of which would do you all good. We have, too, the prettiest little chapel in East Africa, and a number of excellent rooms for joiner's shop, stores, &c. We are very comfortable, and should like you to see our house with its pictures (minus frames), antimacassars, &c., and piano. The piano was the first Mrs. Wakefield's, but the rats have eaten the inside away. We have varnished it and made a pretty piece of furniture of it, on which we put our musical box, which plays 'Grandfather's Clock,' to the no small amusement of our black friends. A couple of days after we got here Bishop Hannington came to see us. Ribè is as bonny a place as you would wish to see. It is on a hill, and from our front verandah we look across what the bishop says is the finest bit of English park-like scenery he has beheld in Africa. It is open right to the sea, and it is possible to see ships near the coast, as they sail along. There are not many people here, for the famine of last year has decimated the inland countries for hundreds of miles. We hope for better things with this year's harvest."

Mrs. Houghton, writing on June 8th, also gives us a pleasant glimpse of the same interest-

NATIVE CHRISTIANS, EAST AFRICA.

ing spot. She says: "We are getting more accustomed to the work and people every day. I have been busy for the last month sewing for the people, and Mr. Houghton has been busy getting the chapel beautified. His occupations are rather miscellaneous. He is joiner, painter, farmer, law-giver, judge and arbitrator, and I know not what beside. After service every morning many of the natives pass our house, and they always stop to say, 'Yambo, Bibi,'

'Yambo, Bwana,' meaning, 'How do you do.' I am the 'Bibi,' and Mr. Houghton is the 'Bwana.' The other day we went to look at the *shambas*. The Indian corn, rice, &c., was in good condition, and if the monkeys will only keep their distance, I think the natives will do well. They have to keep a constant watch in their *shambas*, or most of the grain would be eaten by one kind of animal or another.

"People get married here as elsewhere. Our cook was married the other evening. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Houghton at our house. People can be married at any time and place here; but a man has to *buy* his wife in this country. He pays some dollars to her parents. I think this is too bad, when many in England don't get off without money and without price."

On June 30th, 1885, Mrs. Houghton writes: "We have had for the last few weeks very heavy rains. You would think, to hear it, everything would be washed away. It is very unhealthy for the natives. Many of them have been suffering from bad colds, and other complaints, and we have to be the doctors. Last week we had a break in the monotony of our lives. Mr. and Mrs. Baxter, from Jomvu, paid us a visit, and stayed with us two or three days. To see two white faces seemed almost as strange to us as two black ones would seem to you. We enjoyed the change very much."

Mr. Houghton, under date of July 6th, 1885, says: "It is not possible to give you an idea of our intense

excitement as the time of the mail draws near. What blessings are upon the man's head who brings it, and how we spread all out on the table, sit down, con over the outsides,—'This is from so and so, that from here or there'—like a cat playing with a sweet morsel of a mouse before devouring it. And don't we devour them, oblivious of all things for an hour! We can hear nothing and see nothing else for that time. '*Hodi*,' (May I come in?) says some one at the door, as they enter. We never hear it, or if we do, it only elicits, '*Hakana* Hodi!' (There *is* no hodi.) All that day we live again in scenes of home and friends of old. And then the papers are of invaluable interest to us, for which we bless you seven times seven times every month.

"The weather continues the same. Rain, rain, rain, day after day, in volume and intensity enough, one would think, to float another ark. It is fortunate for us we are on a hill, or otherwise we might be washed away. It is quite cool too: no sweating now without work, and in the evening it is quite cold. We intend to make a change to-morrow, and, if tolerably fine, go to Jomvu for a day or two. Our chief concern now is to learn the language, in which we have made some little progress. You would be quite interested to hear Mrs. Houghton shoot out her Kiswahili to the boys. In time she will be quite proficient. She has also developed a genius for doctoring, and makes up prescriptions in the most matter of fact way, as if to the manner born. The

poor people cannot stand this rain and cold, and so shiver in it like some old half-clad beggar at Christmas. We keep fairly well. The climate now is not unlike May or June at home, and is in nowise trying to us."

On August 27th, Mrs. Houghton says: "The weather here at present is much like June at home, and as we are not having so much rain as we had a few weeks ago, it is very enjoyable, though the sun here is always more powerful than in England. Our people have had a good harvest, and now have plenty of food, which they do not spare when meal times come round. I have made clothes for many of the natives, and still am making more. I have been making garments for the girls that attend my sewing class. They are a kind of long, round pinafore with a waistband, and trimmed with coloured print, the other part being of grey calico. The girls came to our house this afternoon and put on their new dresses and arranged their toilet on our verandah. They went away in procession, and Mr. Houghton said they looked very nice. By the last mail we received from some of our Yorkshire friends a parcel of clothes, some for the native children, and some beautiful presents for myself. I was not a little pleased with such an act of kindness."

Mr. Houghton, writing on September 25th, says: "We have been here now just five months. The mission had suffered greatly from the absence of a European or responsible agent, and from the famir

There were few people here, the chapel was almost deserted, and it seemed as though the work of years had been almost thrown away. I am very glad to be able to report that there are signs of progress now. The famine having disappeared many have returned to their own homes, and are greatly improved in appearance. Lean, lank, miserable beings have become full-bodied and healthy.

"The chapel, which has been freshened up with paint and whitewash, presents a very different appearance at the time of service to that when first we came. We now have it well filled every Sunday three times, and the morning prayers every day are likewise well attended. The people, who were almost naked, have kept Mrs. Houghton working hard the last four months to clothe them, and look now quite respectable. The day school has been recommenced, and is making progress. We have a few very sharp and promising scholars, and as children are our great hope here, this is encouraging.

"We are greatly hampered in the school for want of all educational apparatus. All that we possess are a few broken slates and a few copy-books, with the first two books for learning the alphabet and simple Kiswahili words printed at Jomvu. There are no blackboards, no maps, no counters, or any of the indispensable helps to a moderately complete teaching of the children. It is unfortunate that the mission fund is in such a condition one dare scarcely ask for such things. If the zeal of our educational friends

would only extend to East Africa, and fit up all our missions with stock of apparatus, they would greatly benefit the cause. Mrs. Houghton, who has a good supply of needles and cotton, gets on better with the sewing class, and many of the women and children are becoming quite clever in the art of sewing.

"We make some little progress in the language, and I have ventured a few times to explain a passage of Scripture at morning prayers; it will be a glad day when the language is so mastered as to enable me to speak freely to the people.

"There was once a preaching-place in the stockaded town of Ribè not far away, and as it is now well peopled the recommencement of that must be a project of the future. Just now I am sorry to say small-pox is raging there, and numbers of the people have already died.

"We are ourselves very well just now in health. Mrs. Houghton, who has been since the first fortnight after coming here of very uncertain health, is now regaining strength and vigour."

Writing on the same date, Mrs. Houghton says: "A woman brought her child to our house yesterday to be baptized. It was only two days old. This is a common occurrence here. We have to find names for the children, and these must of course be English ones. They can easily pronounce anything that ends with a vowel: so we named this child Harry. It was a nice baby though black.

"Our hot season has commenced, and we can have a Turkish bath without any exertion whatever. The country is now looking beautiful. Many of the trees are laden with fruit; and flowers and vegetables too are plentiful at present. We have oranges and lemons growing close to the door. We have lemon-water every day, and find it most refreshing in this sunny land. The oranges are as yet untasted, yet we are told they are better than the lemons. There is a fruit called *mapera*, which is delicious stewed.

"The consul paid us a visit the other day. He seemed to be a nice, kind gentleman. A few days ago he sent us a large basket of oranges from Zanzibar. They are more juicy and sweet than English oranges. May his shadow never grow less.

"We now feel more at home with our work here. Mr. Houghton speaks to the people in the chapel, and they are very much pleased, and say to John Mgomba, 'Ask Bwana to speak to us again.' Mgomba is foreman over the natives, and our curate. He is a good Christian man; one that we can rely upon, and such men are scarce here."

On October 30th, Mr. Houghton says: "We were startled one night last week by the arrival of a bevy of soldiers, come as a deputation from a rebel chief. They were very gracious and obsequious, but, mustering on our verandah just as we were making ready for bed, armed with rifles, swords, and belts full of daggers and pistols, it looked like an unlovely business. Still they left us on the following day."

Under date of November we have two jottings from the pen of Mrs. Houghton, as follows:

"Nov. 21st, 1885. It is Saturday afternoon, I wish you could all come and have tea with us. I daresay you wonder where I should put you all, but we have plenty of room, and our table, if not an oval one, is a good square, and one of the large sizes. We are getting along pretty well. John Mgomba told us the other day that the people said Bwana said good things to them every day, and that we were good to them, and that they would give some *pice* to the mission. This was a little encouragement; so we trust our efforts will not be in vain."

"Nov. 23rd. By the last mail we had a box of provisions from England. Mr. Houghton went down to Mombasa to sign for them, and could not return the same day. During his absence I had rather a lively time of it. The *siafu* swarmed into the house. They are black, biting ants, and can only be destroyed by fire. The boys set to work, and in a little more than an hour drove them away and destroyed them. A few days ago a long green snake was caught just outside the door. This is the third since we came here, but the others had got into the house. We have, too, many bees that build up and down the house: we keep knocking them down, or we should have the house full of young bees. We have rats, too, occasionally, but now we have two very good traps they are sensible, and keep their distance. So we have plenty of company. However, these things never

AFRICAN FOREST SCENE.

hurt us if we don't hurt them. Our house looks very cosy: Mr. Houghton has just made me a very nice cupboard, which is quite a setting off to our establishment, as well as a luxury, for such things are scarce here.

"It is now summer with us. The country looks beautiful and everything is rich and full. The trees are laden with fruits and flowers. As I sit writing

I have only to look through the window to see oranges, lemons, cocoa-nuts, mangoes, and other things growing, but we cannot live upon these altogether, so we find our home provisions a real treat, and much cheaper than we can get them at Zanzibar."

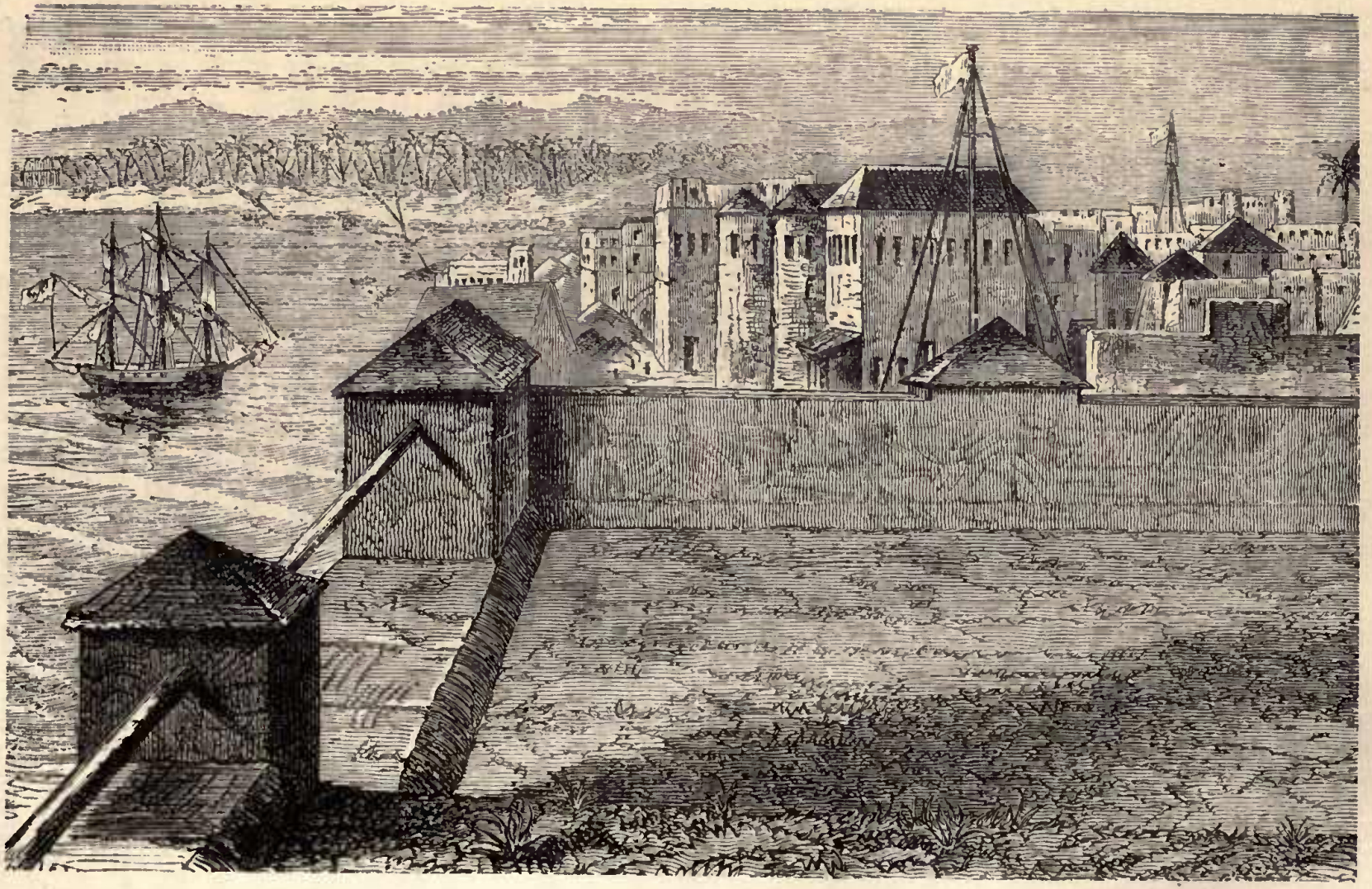
In December, 1885, Mr. Houghton paid a visit to Zanzibar, 120 miles to the south of Mombasa, that he might obtain the assistance and protection of the British agent in his preparations for the establishment of the Galla mission, to which he was soon to remove. On December 17th, he writes as follows :

"I have come down to Zanzibar in the Church Mission boat to see Sir John Kirk, consul-general here, about our new mission. Some time ago he advised that we should wait a little, until this German scare was over, before going up to Golbanti. There is now sitting in Zanzibar an International Convention to define the Sultan's borders, and after that the Germans will most likely become reasonable. Sir John, in the meantime, has promised to forward me all he can by procuring letters from the Sultan, and by giving me one himself. So by the next mail Mrs. Houghton and I shall go up and possess the land; not perhaps without a little fear and trembling, but full of hope and faith. We shall be very sorry to leave Ribè, for the place and the people have now great interest for us. We are all very well, and shall be ready for working hard at our several stations when settled down.

"Zanzibar is a fine town from the sea. The island

is crescent-shaped, and has at this end a large number of substantial stone houses, which are imposing seen from the sea. There are nearly a score of large steamers in the harbour, besides many small craft. There are broad, macadamised roads here; horses, carriages, electric lighting, policemen, soldiers, and bands of music. It is European-like above every other town on the coast. There are English, Germans, French, Hindis, Banyans, Goanese, Arabs, and Swahilis, with a mixed crowd of all sorts of slaves and freed slaves. I don't care for it at all, and shall be glad to escape from its artificial civilisation to the unsophisticated regions of nature."

The last letter written from Ribè is dated January 2nd, 1886, and is by Mr. Houghton. He says: "There has not been much change with us since we wrote last. As at home one day succeeds another, with plenty of work when we can do it, and but little variety. We had a Christmas festival here, and a great day it was for all the people. It is the custom for the mission to give a feast on that day, and here we had a most pleasant one. We had an ox killed, and bought a large quantity of rice, and all the people were engaged in cooking it. When ready it was put in large bowls with pieces of meat laid on the top, and they all squatted round them on the ground in groups of from twelve to twenty, and with knives, forks, and spoons (of the *Adam* brand) they attacked it in good earnest, and as they do not often get meat or rice, they made short work of it. All were filled, and with



ZANZIBAR.

fresh, shining faces looked as happy as man can look. Mrs. Houghton worked very hard for many days and nights before Christmas, making our school children new clothes, and most delighted they were with them, and they looked quite smart and nice. Some friend of the mission had also sent out some toys, so the young folks were blowing trumpets, playing tops, dragging engines, using skipping ropes, playing ball, &c. Mrs. Houghton taught them to skip, and most heartily they laughed when they saw her jump, and especially when the 'pepper' came. The women also danced their native dances, and no accomplished dandy could have performed their varying evolutions with so much grace. The men also had their turn, and were equally full of grace in their dances, which are really dignified, and an improvement on the rough romps and caperings of our home sports. All these people are perfect in the arts of gesture, and are born orators. So on our station the good-will to men found an expression on that day on which we all so much rejoice."

Alluding to the approaching departure for Golbanti, he continues: "We are going to Golbanti by this mail. We are very sorry to leave Ribè; but our duty calls us hence, and hence we go. We are upset with packing, and I have only just recovered from a fever."

CHAPTER VII.

Removal to Golbanti.

THE time came at last, on January 17th, 1886, when Mr. and Mrs. Houghton had to say "Farewell" to the dear Christian natives at Ribè, and to leave that spot so rich in sad and joyous events in the history of our East African mission, and leave it never—as it proved—to see it again. How ill Mrs. Houghton was during the sea-voyage from Mombasa; how trying her experience was on the coast, and how greatly she suffered from the presence of rats, beetles, cats, dogs, and from the bites of mosquitoes on the river journey, will best be told in her own words. She says, in a letter to a friend, "We left Ribè on January 17th, and walked to Jomvu, a distance of about eight miles. I preferred this to riding, the donkey and I not being on very good terms. Our goods were packed in boxes, and carried by the natives to Jomvu, and then put into a dhow and taken to Mombasa. We stayed one day with Mrs. and Mr. Wakefield. Early the following morning we left for Mombasa, and sailed in the mail steamer to Lamu, and arrived there early the next morning. I was sick nearly all the way, so I did not enjoy the short voyage very much. Sir John Kirk,

the political agent at Zanzibar, was on board, and gave us a note of introduction to the governor of Lamu, whom we went to see before leaving the town. He was pleased to see us, and gave us a note to give to the different governors we should meet with on the way. These Swahili men are afraid of the Germans coming into the country, so the note given to us was a kind of pass. After we had had the usual cups of coffee and glasses of sherbet, always given to visitors at such places, I was asked to go and see the chief's wives. They were glad to see me, for they are never allowed out of doors. My dress they examined very minutely, and asked to see my watch. With this article they were delighted, and exclaimed, 'Ngema!' (good). They gazed at me as though they thought I was a queer sort of individual, and I thought them just as queer. I was now at liberty to leave, and not sorry to get outside. We left Lamu as soon as we could, for it is like all other Swahili towns, dirty, and the houses are built anywhere, without either plan or style. After staying one day our baggage was ready, and we left in a native dhow for Kipini. I was again sick and glad to lie at the bottom of the boat until we reached Kipini, which we did about half-past five in the evening. The news soon spread that a white woman was on the beach. I sat there a short time waiting for a few articles being brought from the boat that we might want for the night. In a few minutes I was surrounded by men, women, and children from the village. I could

THE HARBOUR OF MOMBASA.

scarcely breathe until Ulide, one of the mission servants, made them disperse. Many of these people had not seen a white woman before, for I was the first that had been there—in fact, the only one that has been in this part of Africa at all. So the whole of the journey I came in for a good share of wonderment. Here we had to stay all night in a native hut. Sleep was out of the question, for there were rats, beetles (large sizes), fowls, cats, dogs, and I know not what. We lay on our long chairs as near the door as possible. At daybreak we were outside, glad to get a little fresh air; nevertheless, we ate a hearty breakfast in the open air—the only proper meal we had on the journey. The governor of this place came to see us shortly after we arrived, and was glad to learn we were English, and not Germans. He was very kind to us—made us a present of a sheep and some vegetables. We returned the visit, and of course his wives wished to see me too. I went to see the poor things, and again I had to pass the same examination as at Lamu. We then left for Kipini; the morning was bright and sunny, and we walked about a mile along a nice sandy beach, where our boat had been anchored for the night. We sailed up the River Ozi until we came to Kau. Here we met Mr. During, an educated West African native engaged in mission work. He had come to see after our luggage. The people at this place were very anxious I should go ashore, saying if I would they would fire their guns. I didn't care about it, and so remained

HINDI LADY, EAST AFRICA.

in the boat until Mr. Houghton returned from seeing the governor. I did not want to spend another night in a native hut, so we sailed on until the tide was spent, then anchored for the night, not to sleep, for the mosquitoes swarmed. For protection we wrapped ourselves in shawls, so, in addition to the biting, we had a Turkish bath. About one o'clock we had the tide again with us, and sailed on to Bellezoni. It

was now daylight, and we thought the mosquitoes would forsake us; but they had got good bait and could not see the fun. Here we changed our boat for small canoes, and sailed through the dyke that connects the Ozi with the Tana. It is only three or four yards wide, with thick, high grass growing on each side, a harbouring-place for the above-named insects. We were over an hour and a half going through. The agony we endured I shall never forget. Our faces were disfigured. We had additional bumps; they, too, were fully developed, so you may know we got well bitten. We got into the River Tana at last, and for a few hours sailed on in peace. There are a few native houses here and there by the river-side. At one of these we stayed a little time to rest. To sail a short distance in one of these canoes is not unpleasant; but to go a long distance you get cramped. Having to sit at the bottom and not able to turn at all, we have scarcely fair play. Feeling rested a little we started again, and in about two hours came to another hut, where we had to stay for the night, for it was nearly six o'clock—the time our enemies made their appearance. After a cup of cocoa we tried to settle for the night. The mosquitoes came in thousands, just to show us they had no ill-feeling, I suppose. Altogether we had quite a performance, cats running after rats, dogs running after cats, fowls and goats, and a wood fire burning to smoke out our friends. We had rather a livelv time of it. Morning dawned at last,

and after a wash at the river side we ate a scanty breakfast, and then left for Golbanti, arriving about three in the afternoon."

Mr. Houghton's account of the same journey must not be omitted. Writing on February 9th, he says: "We have had another experience in our African

AN AFRICAN RIVER.

life, namely, the journey up to Golbanti, where we now are. We left Ribè not without some regret on January 17th. It was hard work to get all our effects, personal and household, carried to Jomvu, as all had to be conveyed on the heads of our people. It is well for us that they are very *hard*. After a lot of bustle we got all away and shipped on to a dhow on the

creek at Jomvu, and then followed ourselves. Mrs. Houghton performed the journey from Ribè to Jomvu on foot, a feat now twice performed by no other lady in this country. We were at Jomvu only one day, and then went on to the mail at Mombasa, from whence we came on direct to Lamu, a sail of something less than twenty-four hours. At Lamu a dhow came to take all our things. We went ashore in a ship's boat, and went to our own house in the town A Swahili town is different from an English one. It is commonly inhabited by a mixture of Hindis, Arabs, Swahili traders, and slaves, the latter always forming the bulk of the population. The better class people have stone houses with many rooms, dark and gloomy. All have flat roofs, and are built anywhere, without any plan. A map of Lamu would be a good plan for a maze. We did not stay long at Lamu. Sir John Kirk, who came up from Zanzibar in the mail, gave us an introduction to the governor, and we waited upon him the day after our arrival. According to custom we had cups of coffee and sherbet. Mrs. Houghton went to see his wives, who were delighted to see a visitor, as they are kept like prisoners in the inner rooms of the house. The governor gave us a letter to all the Swahilis on our way here, to render us all help and honour us as we were his friends and those of the Sultan. This was a great help to us, as the Gemans, whom Swahilis dislike, have passed up the country, sometimes by representing themselves as English, and have thereby

made it hard for Englishmen to pass without some other warrant than their own word.

"From Lamu we went in a large native boat by sea for six or seven hours to a smaller town of Swahilis, called Kipini. Here Mrs. Houghton came in for a large share of wonderment. As we sat on the beach waiting for the transport of our things, more than a hundred people closed round us, to look principally at the first white woman who had visited them. We slept, or rather lay, in our long chairs in a native hut, dark as a tomb. The mosquitoes were numerous, and we had to bury ourselves in blankets for protection, preferring a Turkish bath to being devoured.

"In the morning we got a little wash and a hearty breakfast, the only good meal on the journey. The governor of Kipini was very kind to us, and sent us a sheep, vegetables, bananas, and green cocoanuts, full of the milky juice so refreshing in this country. He also drove the people from us, and sent us a soldier at night to see that all was quiet.

"We left again as soon as the tide was favourable, and made our way up the River Ozi, and in a while we saw the hippopotami popping up their huge heads in the water and blowing it up in pretty fountains. We sailed on till night, passing in the afternoon another town, named Kau, and taking up Mr. During, who had come down from Golbanti after our luggage.

"At night, when the tide was out, and there was no wind, we anchored in the river, not to sleep, but to do our best to fortify our bodies from swarms of

mosquitoes. We passed a miserable night, broken by a morning that brought no little relief. About eight our boat had come as far as it could, and we left it to enter the canoe used on the River Tana. We were now to pass through the dyke connecting the Ozi and the Tana, and for misery, nothing can equal the hour and a half we endured in the passage. This dyke is three yards wide, and as crooked as crooked can be. No piece of water *can* have more turnings in it than this has. We were pushed from side to side, and clouds of mosquitoes flew about us and settled on our faces: and this in a blazing sun, and we unable to stir ourselves an inch. However, all things end, and this did. We got into the broad Tana, and went on in peace again till five o'clock, with just a short stay on the way.

"We then stayed all night at another house, where were dogs, cats, cocks, hens, goats, rats, mosquitoes, men, women, children, fire, smoke, &c., &c., and at the last point of endurance, morning came, and we were off again up the river to Golbanti, where we arrived at three o'clock. Here we got our bed up, and after food went to bed and slept the sleep of the just. A bath, food, and rest, set us square again in a day or two, when we moved from the old iron house to a new one Mr. During has had put up for us. This is a bad time of the year for mosquitoes. We can only rid ourselves of them by sitting in smoke night and morning, and as we don't relish this, we go to bed, and read or sew or mend stockings behind the mosquito netting."

CHAPTER VIII.

Life in the Wilderness.

MR. and Mrs. Houghton had now reached the spot which was to be their last earthly home, and from which, in a few short months, their consecrated spirits were to rise from earth to receive the reward of those who are found faithful unto death in the service of Christ. Everything connected with Golbanti becomes therefore of the greatest interest to us. Fortunately for the reader Mr. Houghton has given, in a letter to a friend, an almost photographic picture of their new home and its surroundings after they had become comfortably settled there. It is as follows :

"Imagine yourself stepping out of a rude canoe on to the banks of a wide river here at Golbanti. The first thing you would notice would be the tall, rank grass, many yards deep, on the river side. In a short time, walking through it in a path just wide enough for one, you would come to some low native huts, thatched with grass, and plastered with mud. The Gallas themselves are usually clothed well, wearing a good long loin-cloth, and a large cloth thrown over their shoulders. Their features are as regular as those of Europeans. They have nothing at all of the thick lip and protruding jaw of the genuine negro. As you notice these things you come to a plantation of

Indian corn, and to good and wide roads, one of which leads you up to a whitewashed house fenced a long way round with stout, tall stumps of trees, at once to keep inside the poultry, and to be a protection in any emergency. The house itself is built of iron sheets, and is one storey high, having a verandah on two sides. That is the *old* mission-house. We do not live there, it being by far too hot. We now come out of the enclosure, and follow the road for nearly half a mile, seeing a forest of trees on one side of us just beyond the Indian corn plantation, and on the other the grass which is by the river side. Before you get to it you can see another white house and another tall fence. Entering by the gate you notice that, like the native houses, it is thatched with grass, is raised from the ground, and has good wide verandahs. It is built of sticks as a framework, and plastered outside and inside with mud, and then coated with lime. Entering by the front double doors you would find yourself in a room about five yards square, the floor covered with matting, and the walls nicely whitewashed. In the middle of the room is a round table, and against the middle of the wall on the right hand side a cupboard [made by Mr. Houghton himself]. On one side of it is a little table for our small filter, knife-box, &c., and on the other side is placed my table with desk, &c. On the left hand side of the room is an iron chair-sofa, and soon there will be shelves with our books on them. There is a door opposite the one you entered by, and behind it, in the left hand corner, is a window,

or window hole, and beneath the window we have a long cane lounge chair. We have four other chairs, good strong ones, in this room. A clock, a small mirror, and some pictures fill in the list of furniture. The bedroom door is on the left hand side, and the bed is hung with mosquito curtains. This room has two windows in, two or three boxes, a set of drawers, a dressing table, and a large medicine chest. Now you come out of the house again and go along on the front verandah and enter the other room on your right. This is the same size as the bedroom and has two tables in it. Here we keep our stores, and various other things, and we also use it as a bathroom. So much for the house. We have not made a garden yet, but I have laid it all out in my mind. All the place was a forest two years ago, and this has been cut down as far as our house, so on one side we are quite bordered by it, and from it, quite close to us, come the monkeys and squirrels affording us amusement sometimes by their gambols. We have a nice open view to the river, though it is not very distant. The climate is rather warm here. While I am writing this it is 92 degrees in the house, notwithstanding our wide verandahs, and grass-roof and covering of white calico inside, and it makes us wish for some of that cold weather you talk about.

"We have no proper chapel yet, our present one being like the native houses, only a trifle larger. I am just going to build one in the same manner as our house is built, for we cannot get any stone here, as we

PIONEER MISSION WORK IN EAST AFRICA.

could at Jomvu and Ribè. The country is flat and the soil sandy. My chief work now is to learn the Galla language, which is as different from Kiswahili as English is. When I can talk again, and we have a nice chapel, I shall be happy once more."

Mrs. Houghton also says of Golbanti, "It is very lonely here. The place where our house and station are was two years ago a forest, and some of it still remains. Our house is just at the entrance. The view is rather pretty, but not very extensive. There are no trees, fruits, and flowers like those at Ribè. We miss them very much, and we were sorry to leave Ribè. We had got to know the people, and Mr. Houghton could preach to them. Now we have the Galla language to learn. We shall have plenty of work here, many of the Gallas being pure heathens. I trust we may have strength and patience given us to do it faithfully and well. So far they have been rather troublesome. They are very idle, and seem to have an idea they ought not to work. However, I think they are beginning to understand things a little better now."

Of the dwelling-house and chapel she says, "Our house is built of mud and sticks, mud floor, three rooms on the level, whitewashed inside and outside. It looks very much like the cottages you sometimes meet with in the country at home, with a card in the window, 'Hot water for tea.' Nevertheless, if you were to pop in now I don't think you would say it looked at all uncomfortable, but the reverse. The chapel is a rude building, with mud floor and walls,

three small windows, two doors, forms all round and in the centre, and a table and chair at one end for the preacher. We shall have a new chapel at our earliest convenience."

Further glimpses of the chequered and busy life of these brave missionaries are given to us in letters written on March 31st. Mrs. Houghton writes: "We are now getting more used to the place and people, but it will be a work of time and patience to change many of these people from their old customs. We are now building a new chapel, for the old one is scarcely fit to go into. Of course it was poorly put up, as a temporary affair. When the new one is finished we hope for better times. Mr. During is now at Ribè. Mr. Houghton is the first European missionary, and myself the first white woman of any description that has been here; so we are quite isolated. Many of the men think Mr. Houghton a great man and, to show you their ignorance, what do you think they say? They say he is equal with God. Of course he tells them differently, and we trust ere long that light may dawn on their dark minds. We have company enough of the animal kind. Monkeys and squirrels come quite near the door early in the morning. The other night we were rather startled by a squirrel getting into the house. As the mosquitoes are so numerous we did not get up; so it was faring sumptuously all night at the good things of the house."

Mr. Houghton adds, "You will see from this that I am come down or rather up to be a builder. I have

made an oven this month, an achievement of which I am as proud as of the best sermon I ever made, for we have only stones as large as small apples, and all corners. It answers too, and our bread and Yorkshire puddings are—well—just a shade below the best perhaps, but no more. I am sorry Mrs. Houghton has harder work to do here, because it is hotter, and you may think it is no joke to stand over hot irons. There is no fever here ; at least we have been free so far. Our health is first-rate, everything considered, though we should be glad to feel a little cold sometimes."

Again Mrs, Houghton writes :—

"We do not like Golbanti so well as Ribè. Many of the people are pure heathens and are very superstitious. It is hard work to drive anything into them. Only the other morning a man brought some milk to sell. I wanted him to take our jug, and let me have it in the same every morning ; but he thought if he did so the cow would give no milk. The vessels they use are washed with charcoal, and the milk tastes of it very strongly. We have not been able to get milk before, and cannot get much now, so it would be a treat if we could get it all right. Our house and chapel are not nearly so nice as at Ribè, nor can we expect it for a new station. The country is flat, and the view rather pretty, but not very extensive. We are not very far from the river, from which we get our water. I am glad to say it is nice and soft, for we have no "Dobie" here to wash our clothes. I have a native woman come every Tuesday to wash, though

I have very nearly to do them myself. There is one good thing; they dry in about an hour. It is very hot here, warmer than either Jomvu or Ribè, though we get a good breeze; so it is just endurable in the house. At mid-day we do not go out if we can avoid it. Mosquitoes are still numerous, and we are obliged to retire at six o'clock every night, and glad to get in behind the netting with which our bed is hung as a protection against these troublesome insects. You would be amused if you saw it sometimes covered with sewing, books, pencil and paper, &c., all to pass away the night. Mosquitoes are never wanting here, though this is a bad time for them."

The Rev. W. H. During, having assisted the newly arrived missionaries to become settled in their new residence, and introduced them to the natives and to their work, had, as one of the letters has informed us returned to Ribè. They were not, however, absolutely alone so far as the presence of at least native Christians was concerned. When Mr. During had left Jomvu two years and a quarter before this, several Christianized Gallas had volunteered to go with him to assist in the evangelization of their countrymen. Of these the most hopeful and interesting were Aba Shora, with Balafo, his wife, and their son Arthur Huko, and his wife, with Shakala, Dida, Kurtè and some others. Aba Shora was one of the earliest of the Gallas who came to settle at Ribè many years ago, and he had for a long time been known at Ribè and Jomvu as a truly Christian man, a bright illustra-

tion of the triumph of Christianity over heathenism. His wife Jane Balafo was equally consistent. She had been a friend of the first Mrs. Wakefield, and was probably the best female native helper of the mission at Ribè. These two persons were filled with the true missionary spirit, and felt a great yearning to be made a blessing to their heathen fellow-countrymen. Their son, Arthur Huko, was a tall young man, with a very intelligent English-looking face who, before removing to Golbanti, creditably filled the position of native schoolmaster at Jomvu. On the Sunday before Christmas Day, 1883, he was married to Martha Safo, a quiet Christian girl, the child of Christian parents. Describing the wedding ceremony for the pleasure of the young people of England, the present Mrs. Wakefield says, "The bride wore a piece of white cambric bound round her head and tied in a knot behind, and a wreath of green leaves. A white handkerchief was fastened round her neck, and a bright, coloured scarf thrown over her dress. She looked very pleasing and pretty. Huko wore a smoking cap Mr. Wakefield had given him, embroidered with gold braid, and having a gold tassel, a white jacket, and a coloured cloth. He was accompanied by his father and mother, and a friend named Gandi, and Safo was supported by a father and mother and a little Wanyika friend. The service was read in Kiswahili, by Mr. Wakefield, and translated into Galla by Miesa. After the ceremony was over Huko led his wife by the hand to their house, followed by a long train of friends

and acquaintances. We sent them a bottle of lime-juice, some sugar, and pineapples, to supplement their little feast." On the next morning, before daylight, the bride and bridegroom and the parents of Huko with others of the party for the Galla mission, left Jomvu for their new home at Golbanti, some of them never to see Jomvu or Ribè again. Of Kurtè and Dida it is not necessary to say much. They were enlightened men, but less prominent in mission work than Aba Shora and Huko. Shakala, and his younger brother, Gobu, were also of the party now settled at Golbanti. Shakala was a courageous and useful young man. In the first Mrs. Wakefield's time he was one of the Ribè boys. After Mrs. Wakefield's death he sent the writer the following letter: "Ribè, July 18th, 1873. Sir, I send you news which will burn your heart. Your sister came and taught us the way of eternal life. She taught us to sing, and we were glad. Her child became ill and died. We thought she would recover, but God thought otherwise. Our expectation came to naught, but the purpose of God has been fulfilled. Your sister, it is true, has died, but do not be sorrowful, for her spirit has gone where there is everlasting life and that is where we are going. What she taught us about Jesus we feel to be the truth, Jesus' people shall see eternal life. Shakala." Gobu, the brother of Shakala, was not so hopeful a member of the little community. He was bold, impatient of restraint, and in other ways as a youth had given anxiety to his teachers, but much allowance must be

made for the weaknesses and defects of young converts from pure heathenism. These, then, with Godana and some others were the native helpers of Mr. and Mrs Houghton in their new work in this isolated region.

For the first few weeks after their settlement at Golbanti, nothing beyond such difficulties as have already been spoken of hindered the good work in which they were doing their best to feel at home. They were firmly determined to stand by their work until success should crown their labours or the time should come for their return to England. Writing on March 10th, Mr. Houghton had said:

"We are getting settled down here once again. Settlements and unsettlements have been the order of the day since coming here, but, as we did not come to seek our ease we must not murmur. Nevertheless we shall not be drawn from Golbanti by a team of horses until we leave for our 'ain countree.' I don't think we shall ever like it so well as Ribè, though we feel more comfortable now than at first." True, indeed, but in a higher sense than our heroic friends thought was their noble resolution to remain at their post till they should be called to their own dear home.

Only those who have themselves been cut off by travel or by a residence in a distant land, can truly understand the feeling of loneliness that sometimes creeps over the spirits when the thoughts of loved ones far away come rushing in like a flood over the soul, or of the joy that the arrival of the English mail can give to such persons. Even in the Galla country Mr

and Mrs. Houghton received their home letters, and it is to the replies to many of these that we are indebted for the interest of these pages. From Craigmore, Denton, the children of the household had, after Christmas, each written a little letter to their Auntie and Uncle in Africa, and in reply to these childish letters Mr. Houghton wrote a long rhyming epistle in which each of them by name received some gentle and loving message.

We have not space for the whole composition, but its preface is as follows :

"Dear children all, you pleased us much,
By writing such a letter ;
And Auntie said there were not such
That could have written better.

We're glad to learn you all are well,
And had a jolly time ;
After the feast you'd stories tell,
In merry Christmas rhyme.

And Father Christmas was so good
To bring you all those things ;
It made us wish we only could
Just fly to you on wings."

And then follow a couple of verses, each devoted to Edith, Harry, Willie, and Harold, the letter closing with the now sadly suggestive verse :

"We send our love and kisses too,
From Afric's far-off shore ;
Hoping again to join with you
In frolics at Craigmore."

A hope which alas ! was never to be realised.

CHAPTER IX.

Dark Shadows.

ON Wednesday morning, February 24th, a new and sad experience broke like a sudden thunderstorm over the peaceful little community in the homes by the Tana river, and filled the hearts of the missionaries with grave anxiety and sorrow, and many of the natives homes with mourning, desolation, and woe, and which was, alas! to be the prelude of deeper woes yet to come. The dreaded Masai, of whom nothing had been heard in this district for many years, suddenly appeared in the very neighbourhood of the mission, and with what intentions there was too good reason to determine. Mrs. Houghton, in a letter to a friend, thus relates the sad and tragic story:

"On Wednesday the 24th of last month we were rather alarmed early in the morning. Men, women, and children were coming with the few goods they possessed to our house for protection, saying the Masai were in the town. We thought at first it was a false report, but it was soon confirmed by two men coming to say that they had seen them. These Masai people are the terror of the country where cattle are kept. They burned down a number of huts, took

away cattle, and killed between forty and fifty of the Gallas. The Galla chief came and asked for our men to go and help them to fight these people, and get back their cattle. Mr. Houghton told him they were not soldiers, and that he could not command them to go, and also that we had not come to fight but to make peace. He left us very much annoyed because we offered no men. We keep guns on this station and each of our men was armed to protect himself in case the Masai came to the station. It was hard work to keep them together, and while we were trying to have dinner our men thought they would just look round, not intending to go far. They met with a number of the heathen Gallas, including the chief, and they were asked to go further. When they were nearly out of the wood the Masai came upon them. Suddenly our men were put in front, fired their guns and had not time to reload them. The Gallas fled,, and four of our best and most useful men were killed, speared to death; the others threw down their guns and escaped, except one man. He stood his ground, and fired twice, and carried off the spears thrown at him, receiving only a slight scar himself. He thinks that had he not stood his ground he, too, would have been killed. This event has been a great trouble to us. We can ill afford to lose men like these as such are scarce here. They became Christians at Ribè some years ago, and returned here, for they were Galla men, when this mission was commenced two years ago. The Masai came to this country once before, many years ago, but

took nothing but a few goats; this time they have taken nearly all the cattle."

Such is the brief, sad story of this calamity as told by Mrs. Houghton, and to this account little need be added. The four Christian Gallas who were slain by the Masai were Aba Shora, Huko, Kurtè, and Dida, together with the youth Gobu, Shakala's brother, to all of whom we have just referred. Shakala himself only narrowly escaped death, a spear being hurled at him by one of the Masai, which pierced him behind as he ran, but he soon recovered from the wound. No attack was made upon the mission, and, after securing all the cattle in the neighbourhood as their spoils, the Masai went away, it was hoped, never to return.

Dr. Krapf, in his "Missionary Travels," gives the following account of the marauding tribe whose name strikes terror through the coast regions of Eastern Africa, and whose cruel revenge was soon to overshadow the Galla mission with a darker gloom than that which, up to the time of the events just narrated, had rested upon it. He says:

"The Masai occupy large plains in the interior of Eastern Africa which extend from two degrees north of the equator to about four degrees south of it. The name Masai is given to them by the tribes of the coast. Their manner of life is nomadic, and where they find water and grass there they often encamp for months together. They live entirely on milk, butter, honey, and the meat of black cattle, goats, and sheep, and on game which they hunt down. They have a

great distaste for agriculture, believing that the nourishment afforded by cereals enfeebles, and is only suited to the despised tribes of the mountains; while to feed on meat and milk gives strength and courage. When cattle fail them they make raids on the tribes which they know to be in possession of herds. They say that *Engai* (heaven) gave them all that exists in the way of cattle, and that other nations ought not to possess any. Agreeably with this maxim they undertake expeditions for hundreds of leagues to attain their object, and make forays into the territories of the Wakamba, the Gallas, the Wajagga, and even of the Wanika on the sea-coast. They are dreaded as warriors, laying all waste with fire and sword, so that the weaker tribes do not venture to resist them in the open field, but leave them in possession of their herds, and seek only to save themselves by the quickest possible flight.

"The weapons of the Masai consist of a spear, a large oblong shield, and a club, round and thick at the top, hurling which with the greatest precision, at a distance of from fifty to seventy paces they can dash out the brains of an enemy; and it is this weapon above all which strikes terror into the East Africans, the Swahili with their muskets not excepted. The Masai shelter themselves behind their long shields until they are close enough to the enemy to make good use of their clubs. They conquer or die, death having no terrors for them.

"As regards the religious notions of the Masai they

A MASAI WARRIOR.

appear, like other East Africans, to have a vague notion of a supreme being, whom they call Engai. This supreme being dwells on the white (snow-capped) mountain whence comes the water or the rain, which is so indispensable to their meadows and herds. There is an intermediary being between Engai and themselves, the Neiterkob, who is, as it were, the mediator between Engai and man, and it is therefore to him that they first turn to gain a hearing from Engai, when, as we have seen, they pray for rain, health, victory, or cattle." The good missionary Krapf adds: "May it be soon granted to our Protestant Church to send missionaries to the millions of Waku-fai and Masai, to proclaim to them the word which preaches reconciliation, so that these worst of heathen, 'a people terrible from their beginning hitherto,' may be brought as an acceptable offering in the sight of the Lord God of Sabaoth to Mount Zion, and taught to know, to love, and to honour the true Neiterkob, the shining 'Light of the world,' and cease to murder and extirpate their fellow-men."

Mr. Joseph Thomson, who at great risk, recently made a successful journey across part of the territory occupied by this strange people, thus describes their country:

"The Masai country is very markedly divided into two quite distinct regions, the southerly or lower desert area, and the northerly or plateau region.

"The southerly is comparatively low in altitude, that is to say from 3000 to 4000 feet. It is sterile and

unproductive in the extreme. This is owing entirely to the scantiness of the rainfall, which for about three months of the year barely gives sufficient sustenance to scattered tufts of grass. The acacia and mimosa have almost sole possession of these dreary plains except near the base of some isolated mountain, or other highland, where small rivulets trickle down to be speedily absorbed in the sands. No river traverses this region and many parts are covered with incrustations of natron, left by the evaporation of salt-charged springs.

"The northern or plateau region rises from an elevation of about 5000 feet to one little short of 9000 feet. On the eastern half of this divided plateau rises the snow-clad peak of Kenia, and the picturesque range of the Aberdare Mountains which runs almost parallel with the central line of depression. A more charming region is probably not to be found in all Africa. Here are dense patches of flowering shrubs; there noble forests. Now you traverse a park-like country, enlivened by groups of game: anon, great herds of cattle or flocks of sheep and goats are seen wandering knee deep in the splendid pasture. There is little in the aspect of the country to suggest the popular idea of the tropics. The eye rests upon coniferous trees, forming pine-like woods; and you can gather sprigs of heath, sweet-scented clover, anemone and other familiar forms. In vain you look for the graceful palm, ever present in the mental pictures of the untravelled traveller. The country is a very

network of babbling brooks and streams, those of Lykipia forming the mysterious Guaso Nyiro: those of Kikuyu the Tana, which flows to the Indian Ocean through the Galla country: while further south in Kapte the streams converge to form the Alhe river, which flows through Ukambani to the Sabaki river."

Mr. and Mrs. Houghton, and their now diminished band of helpers, having committed to their last resting-place the remains of the native Christians who had fallen in their unwise contest with the Masai, turned again bravely to their work hoping, as Mrs. Houghton said, for "better days to come." And so the days came and went, varied only by the troubles and annoyances to which they were now becoming accustomed, and by the ever welcome arrival of the English mail with its heavy budget of letters from loved relatives and friends.

On Monday, April 3rd, Mrs. Houghton wrote to her brother and friends at Denton the last letter but one they were ever to receive from her facile pen, and, that the reader may have as full a view of the home life at Golbanti before the last deep shadow of death fell upon it, the letter, omitting only a few details, is here given almost entire. It is as follows:

"GOLBANTI, *April 3rd*, 1886.

"DEAR MOTHER, BROTHER, AND SISTER,—

"You will be glad to know we have at last received our Christmas mail, *Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, Manchester and Stockport papers, and

the season's cards also, for which we are very thankful. Mgomba's card we sent to him; I am sure he would be pleased. We miss him very much; he is really the best black man we have met with. Now just a word about our mail time. We send a couple of trustworthy men to Lamu with a decent-sized bag I have made for the purpose; it takes them three days to go down, and rather more returning, as the tide is then against them. The day we are expecting their return we are all excitement, and our best paper knife is brought out ready for the work. Our home letter Mr. Houghton generally reads aloud, so that we both get the news at once. The papers we take to bed, for we cannot with any pleasure stay up long after six o'clock. We are very grateful for the papers, but sorry we were to see you had lost in England two such men as Mr. Hugh Mason and Joseph Maas.

"I will now answer the pointed interrogations in your last. About six or eight men came to Lamu from Golbanti to meet us and take up our luggage, Mr. During met us at Kau, we had with us our two boys (servants), so we were not so small a party as you thought.

"I am the first white woman that has ever been in this part of Africa, so you may know I have been an object of no little curious observation. No other European missionaries have been stationed here, and there are none nearer than Mombasa; thus we are quite isolated. Poor Bishop Hannington met with a terrible death. He had with him no other European.

A William Jones, a black man from India, who is a curate at one of the Church Missions, I think, was his leading man. The Bishop left him with a number of his men for some purpose, for a month, then he was to follow; the men he took with him were all picked men and only three of them were saved: they escaped during the excitement, the rest were all bound and speared, the Bishop, bound hands and feet, was shot.

"This has cast a gloom over all the mission stations, for he was a good man and very much respected.

"We have been pretty much unsettled ever since our arrival, partly owing to the difficulties inherent in missionary life, and partly owing to the excessive demands made upon us by these Gallas. We have to be careful, for this is an expensive mission; they have had much from the Society, and seem to regard us only as a means of further supply. Mr. Houghton has shown to them our true position, and tried to stop this constant begging, with results not very pleasing at first, but now they are much quieter and more respectful.

"To be on good terms with the chief, the law is "give him much, he likes you much." We have given him a present, but it was not enough for him. The committee allows us to do this when we go into a strange country. The Gallas are very conservative, their customs are kept intact by all generations; they are not devoid, however, of understanding, they can reason with you. When a woman loses her husband she becomes the property of her husband's brother, or

BISHOP HANNINGTON.

the nearest relative. A man has to pay two hundred dollars to the parents of the woman to whom he is married. So you see wives are not very cheap here.

"When first we came here we baked our bread in a saucepan on the fire; we have since got some very small stones from the bed of a lake, apparently of volcanic origin, and my husband has built an oven which acts very well, he has also fitted up a cupboard. We cannot get *tembo* (or yeast) in this part of the country, so I make the bread with carbonate of soda and cream of tartar. I make it into cakes and a small quantity at a time, so that it does not go dry. We get flour from Zanzibar a barrel at once; it is very good, but rather dearer than you get it at home, but the difference is not such that it is worth while sending to England for it. There are many things at Ribè we cannot get here, though we don't fare amiss.

"The tinned meats and vegetables are grand things for Europeans in Africa. We live on fowls mostly, with goat occasionally. By the way, we have three goats, two of them only a few days old; we get a little milk every day: to have proper milk in our tea and cocoa is a luxury. Tell the children I should like them to see our goats; they are so pretty. Twice during the last week a squirrel has got into our house after we had gone to bed. We caught one and set a trap for the other; it was caught but managed to get away with the trap. One of the boys has since found the trap, and the squirrel dead.

"For some days we have had thunder and yester-

day our first heavy shower of rain for this season. We are told in the rainy season the mosquitoes are numerous both night and day; is this not a consolation?

"I am glad to say all things considered our health keeps good, we have only had one attack of fever since coming here, and that I think was owing to the rather rough journey we had.

"Well, I must now cease until another time.

"With love, ever yours,

"ANNIE HOUGHTON."

We now come to the last letter by Mrs. Houghton's hand. It was written in readiness for the May mail, and was found, unposted, after her death. It is addressed to Mrs. Brown of Craigmore, and is as follows:

"GOLBANTI, *April 27th*, 1886.

"MY DEAR SISTER,

"Patience is at last rewarded. So I thought when I received your letter last mail. I have often wished of late you would write, though I know you are always busy. (I have just looked out, and beheld our goat being milked; it takes four of them to manage this business, one holding the head, another the legs, whilst another does the milking, and one acts as overseer, as a matter of course. The energy with which these people go about their work is enough to stiffen their joints. Were it necessary to make a rush—well, they could not do it.)

"I am glad to say the Gallas now treat us respectfully. My husband from the first made them know their place; they require firm treatment, but kind. We now get more to chapel. The chief and ourselves are on better terms, and this is worth something; still I don't think Mr. Brown will have to make him a new hat yet, for his head is always adorned with a natural covering of good black wool, so he has no need of head covering.

"I have little news to send you. We get little change here. Now and again we make a fresh discovery of some animal or insect, a beetle of extra size, or a snake longer and prettier than the last we saw. Although there are many snakes in this country few people get bitten by them, and this is very fortunate, for their bite is most venomous. The other evening I had my first walk away from the station, and went through the wood of which our house is at the entrance. I enjoyed it very much; we saw a number of partridges and other birds, but were unable to catch any. There is now at the end of the wood a piteous sight, a deserted village, caused through the Masai invasion.

"We get the mosquitoes still; but they are not at their BEST just now, but I suppose will be shortly, the river is rising, and this is a warning for us.

"Last mail I received a kind letter from William Leigh, Esq., Mayor of Stockport. I was glad to learn they had not forgotten me at the dear old school.

"I am sorry trade is so bad at home. I trust

times may brighten soon that all may have enough and to spare.

"I am glad to say our health is good on the whole; in this country we need to be careful and do all we can to keep ourselves right. We have plenty of work, which, if not too laborious, is one of the best things for health here.

"My husband is very busy getting ready for the new chapel. He has to do the joinering and other work, otherwise it would not get done on this side of Christmas.

"To us it seems as though we made little progress. But then 'Rome was not built in a day,' so we must 'Learn to labour and to wait,' and if our work be slow let us hope it may be sure.

"After all this is but letter writing, and it won't compare with a fire-side chat. Oh I should enjoy one.

"I am ever your loving sister,

"ANNIE HOUGHTON."

Some extracts from an unfinished letter of Mr. Houghton must bring this chapter to a close. It was pre-dated May 8th, the time of the next homeward mail, but was probably written on or about the same date as the one by Mrs. Houghton. It is indeed possible that it may have been written only a day or two before the sad event to be related in the next chapter. The letter is written to Mr. and Mrs. Brown of Denton.

"GOLBANTI, *May 8th*, 1886.

"MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,—

"We get pretty good mails every month; either Stockport, Leeds, Lincoln, or stray friends elsewhere writing to us more or less regularly. We get it generally five days or a week after the boat gets to Lamu, and have to send as many days before, so that our time for answering is by so much curtailed. And the mosquitoes take our evenings when we used to do all our writing, so that now it is a regular part of our day's work to write home.

"We sometimes wonder what idea you have of us and our way of life, for the conditions are so different here that by description it is scarcely possible to make it plain. We have no fear whatever from the people; so far as they are concerned we feel perfectly safe. We have come now to know them pretty well and they us. They do not by any means come up to what we expected; and though they no doubt have the possibilities of making a superior people to such tribes as the Wanyika, they remain to be developed by altogether new conditions of life. One vice which has entirely demoralised the Wanyika: *viz.*, drunkenness, they have not, having no cocoa-nut trees, though some of them at Ribè are very fond of the toddy when they can get it. We get more to come to chapel, but I can only talk to them through an interpreter, and know not what effect upon them their attendance may have. Ours is truly a work in which the greatest patience is required, and in which

you are subject to much discouragement. We are both in capital health as health goes here and have no fever; when the rain comes we may not fare so well, though we cannot tell. The rain delays its coming, and we are getting anxious for our crops, for we farm off a few acres for the people's food. We have no foodstuffs here beside fowl, bananas (which are most delicious fried), and a bean-like vegetable or two. That's all.

"We're becoming famous as doctors. The people come a long way for medicine. The chest I got from Denton is simply invaluable. We have a few good books on the subject, and when a patient comes we try to find out first what is his disease, hunt it up, prescribe accordingly if we have the medicine, and, if otherwise, what we think best. I have now on hand a very bad case of dropsy which I despair of, though it has been much reduced. Of dentistry I am become an old hand and perform it quite painlessly to *me*. The Gallas are very nervous when ill, and sometimes come when nothing ails them."

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Houghton's Diary.

WHILE the foregoing chapter has been passing through the press, a diary, in Mr. Houghton's handwriting, and extending from January 1st, 1886, to April 29th (four days only before his death), has come to hand. The daily entries, though brief, bring vividly before us the true position of a missionary living in a new country, and as many of them as the limits of this book will allow are now given.

"*Thursday, January 28th.*—Came into the new house. Unpacked some of our things. Find mosquitoes very numerous. Neither of us very well or strong. Journey begins to tell on us.

Sunday 31st.—Preached to-day, Mr. During interpreting.

February 1st.—Commenced to make a fence round the house, and finished a joiner's shop, &c.

Tuesday 2nd.—Prime Minister came to-day and asked for five dollars. Refused him. The Gallas only seem to care for us for the money they can get out of us. None of them work, but live on begging.

Sunday 7th.—Sattie, Godana's wife, buried to-day. Died suddenly in the night. Impressive funeral.

Monday 8th.—Godana much cast down over his wife. Unable to get another, as they want 200 dollars.

Girls are scarce. The family of the reigning chief kil. all small children during his seven years' term of office.

Wednesday 10*th.*—All the Gallas at Weichu are under the Germans.

Thursday 11*th.*—Mr. During went away to-day.

Saturday 13*th.*—A good many beggars to-day. All the Gallas seem to think they have a right to demand presents, and are quite insolent in their asking.

Sunday 14*th.*—Aba Shora preached to-day.

Monday 15*th.*—Had a visit to-day from the chief and the elders of the Gallas. Very insolent and saucy. Left in an abrupt way. Anticipate some trouble.

Tuesday 16*th.*—Our own workmen imported from Ribè and Jomvu very troublesome. Hear of them saying they will run away secretly, and to-night they came to ask if their month was not up.

Thursday 18*th.*—Men gone to work to-day after a good scolding yesterday. These people do not seem amenable to kind treatment. Their course of life has crushed out of them all feeling of gratitude or justice. Fence nearly finished. A poorly man lost in the night.

Friday 19*th.*—Aba Shora with another man seek the lost youth to-day, but find no trace of him. He has probably lost his reason and drowned himself, or fallen into the river, though he was almost too weak to walk there.

Saturday 20*th.*—Sent Uledi to get up lime from the Ozi in Pokomo canoes. Wapokomos have gone with him after all. Our monthly men not working

to-day. Like everybody else, give much trouble. All the Gallas have sought the missing youth to-day, but have not seen him.

Sunday 21st.—Began class-pence to-day. (Begging) Gallas know our Sunday and leave us alone. A pleasant relief.

Monday 22nd.—Expecting anxiously our letters and papers to-day. We have had no news for two months or more, having just missed the December mail by leaving Mombasa.

Tuesday 23rd.—Got our mail to-day. At least, those letters which came from England to Lamu. Those sent on from Mombasa, as we find, miscarried to Aden. Good news from home. We hear from Mombasa that the death of the Bishop (Hannington) is confirmed.

Wednesday 24th.—(Mrs. H.) Masai came to-day. Five of our men were killed. A great trouble for us. (Mr. H.) Came very early in the morning, and killed a number of Gallas in a near village, carrying away their cattle. People on the station very excited and uncontrollable. Hear at night they have been out and met the Masai with a number of Gallas. Fired their guns when close up, and had no time to run away, or fire again, before they were on them. Lost four of our best men. A number of Gallas also speared. It appears only seven Masai were seen, but the sight of them frightened all the Gallas, who at once threw down their spears and ran away.

Friday 26th.—The calamity of Wednesday has thoroughly upset us. The anxious watching, not knowing how soon the Masai might be on us, loss of food, and sorrow at the irreparable loss our little

Church has sustained, has made us quite ill and nervous.

Saturday 27th.—But little better to-day. Hear the Masai have gone away.

Sunday 28th.—Too ill to go to morning prayers. Went to service and preached. My interpreter fainted, and brought the service to an abrupt conclusion.

Monday, March 1st.—Had the chief here to-day begging. Gave him five dollars, at which he was dissatisfied, but I refused to increase it. Have had to give large quantities of food to the fugitive Gallas. Hostile to us, they fly here in every emergency.

Tuesday 2nd.—It is reported that the Masai have had a few killed among them. The chief says there were not, in all, more than twenty, yet the Gallas fled from them like children. The terror of their name is something awful.

Wednesday 3rd.—Am hastening on the *boma*, or large fence, round the house, to assist in our protection in any such emergency as that of last week.

Thursday 4th.—Have got up a large quantity of lime for a new chapel. We must build soon, as the other old mud-house is nearly down. The expense of getting it up is something alarming, more than 200 per cent on the cost.

Friday 5th.—Did a little at the Galla language again. Not so easy as Kiswahili, having no grammar or dictionary to refer to. Am getting a little insight into it.

Saturday 6th.—A quiet sort of day. Monthly men who left work altogether on a Saturday, instead

of half the day only, have returned to the custom. They need to be governed with firmness, I find. Monkeys, partridges, guinea-fowl, squirrels, wild cats close at hand.

Sunday 7th.—Shakala preached to-day in Galla, and I spoke in the afternoon in Kiswahili.

Thursday 11th.—Took the school children on the verandah. Not very sharp; are, however, very tractable and willing, and rather like coming here.

Friday 12th.—Shakala, our chief convert now, very ill to-day.

Saturday 13th.—Chief of Gallas came to-day begging. Tried to frighten me. Had an unsatisfactory interview. Sent off a good mail to-day.

Sunday 14th.—Preached about the prodigal son to-day. Dufu interpreted.

Monday 15th.—Shakala improving to-day, and very thankful for the attention shown him.

Tuesday 16th.—Got a large piece of the fencing done to-day, and built an oven in the kitchen: a work of some difficulty, as I had only very small, irregularly formed stones. A woman with a bad corn cured with soap plaster.

Wednesday 17th.—Have laid out a new chapel to-day. To be larger than our present one, and better built. The one we have is falling, and is far ruder than it need be, and very inconvenient, being so far distant from the house.

Sunday 21st.—Preached to-day from "Repent ye: the kingdom of God is at hand."

Monday 22nd.—New chapel commenced to-day. Site nearer the house. More open view. It will be

larger, built of sticks, mud, and lime, and have a macadamised floor.

Tuesday 23rd.—Expected letters to-day, but are disappointed. Mail-times here very unsettling. We wonder and wonder, and wait and wait, and are unable to bend to serious work.

Wednesday 24th.—Wednesday. The Gallas are getting more manageable. They evidently appreciate a firm standing.

Sunday, April 4th.—Preached to-day from the story of Cain and Abel.

Monday 5th.—The commission, given the task of defining the Sultan's territory, and settling the demands of the Germans, has arrived at Kipini, bringing the several members of it in their own men-of-war, namely a German, French, and English.

Wednesday 7th.—The commissioners have come to Kau, and from there will go to Witu, a place the Germans claim as having been given to them by Simba, a rebel of the Sultan. Are very busy with our letters for the mail.

Saturday 10th.—Have sent off our mail to-day, and laid the garden out, in doing which I lost a useful piece of wood (kikatoza). Begin to look straight outside. Chapel coming on apace.

Sunday 11th.—Preached to-day from the parable of the talents.

Monday 12th.—Men came to-day from Jomvu with letters: answering ours with account of Masai invasion. Mr. Wakefield fears that Balafo will be claimed according to Galla custom by her husband's

brother, and all their children, and wants her to go to Lamu.

Tuesday 13*th.*—Have sent off replies to Mr. Wakefield by express mail, saying I had made all provision for our widows and children, and that Balafo would not go to Lamu.

Wednesday 14*th.*—Rain and thunderstorm to-day. Thermometer fell eight degrees in five minutes. Hear that the Masai have come again, higher up the country, and slain a number of Gallas. All the country from Malindi to here depopulated. Sent men off to bring me up from Kipini boards from Zanzibar, which our Lamu agent has sent on to Kipini. Want them for chapel furniture, &c. I have not a board on the station.

Friday 16*th.*—Jomvu messengers sent back to-day. Two Gallas went with them to sleep with them the first night on the plain. There are now many wild animals about. A few hours from us herds of zebra are to be seen, and many of the larger and smaller game. Partridges as common as other birds ; coming quite into the town.

Sunday 18*th.* Shakala preached to-day.

Tuesday 20*th.*—Our mail got here to-day from home. Good news, and plenty of it. Made us very glad. The mail from Zanzibar is, I hear, stranded somewhere below that port, and most likely our letters will have a month to wait, and go with the next mail. It will delay our provisions, for which we sent off last week.

Thursday 22*nd.*—Am getting an increase in people attending chapel, and, what is best, they are coming without pressure. I always tell them the whole

matter is of the heart, not of pressure or fear, or power, but of willingness and love.

Friday 23rd.—(Good Friday). This day had gone by before we knew it. It was only by seeing it in the almanack at night we discovered that a Christian festival had passed us unnoticed. This makes us feel how entirely we are cut off from the world.

Saturday 24th.—Have finished my fourth form for the chapel. They look rather smart, being made of good wood (mahogany) from Madagascar.

Sunday 25th.—Preached to-day on the resurrection of the dead.

Monday 26th.—Joinering all day to-day, and am done up. Work here soon knocks one up: though, done in moderation, it is superior to all medicines in this land.

Tuesday 27th.—Two men brought me the contents of a crocodile's nest to-day, namely, about thirty young ones. They were very like large lizards. Many are found in the river, of large size, and dangerous.

Wednesday 28th.—Have finished to-day the frame for chapel door. It has been hard work, being cut down from a very hard tree, almost like chiselling iron.

Thursday 29th.—(The last entry in the diary.) Have been busy to-day making forms for new chapel, and looking after workmen, who are daubing the chapel, or rather plastering it, with mud."

And so the days of April came and went, until the month of showers and sunshine had passed away.

CHAPTER XI.

Faithful Unto Death.

WE have now, with a sad heart, arrived at the last day in the earthly lives of these devoted servants of God.

It has been observed by the reader, that during the visit of the Masai to Golbanti, on February 24th, some of the native Christians had unwisely, and contrary to Mr. Houghton's express orders, stolen away from the mission-house, and allowed themselves to be drawn into a conflict with the invaders, some of whom appear to have been wounded by their fire. It did not occur to them that the Masai, supposing them to be acting under the instructions of the white man himself, would in a short time return with the cruel purpose of taking a terrible revenge upon the missionaries. This, however, must, we fear, be regarded as the true explanation of the mournful events now to be recorded.

The morning of Monday, the 3rd day of May, broke peacefully over the little community at Golbanti, with no faint shadow of the dreadful tragedy which was to take place there before the bright sun should have reached its zenith in the sky. About six o'clock the mission-house was astir with its usual morning activities. Prayers were over, breakfast was

prepared and enjoyed, the block almanack that hung on the wall stripped of another leaf, and "Monday, May 3rd," registered to the inmates of that busy and happy home. About eight o'clock on that as yet unclouded morning a stranger looking in upon the quiet scene would have found Mrs. Houghton, assisted by her black male cook, engaged in preparations for baking bread in that new oven of her husband's building, of which we have already been informed; a basin of flour for the purpose of some cakes stands upon the table, and one or two domestics are busy here and there carrying out their mistress' instructions. If the stranger would have found Mr. Houghton he must have crossed the enclosure in which the house stands, passed through the opening in the stockade, which was by-and-by to be filled by a gate, and on along a wide road for a short distance to the chapel, a newly-erected and as yet unfinished building. Entering this building he would have found Mr. Houghton, clad in a white suit, engaged in plastering the walls. Godana, one of the Christian Gallas from Ribè, was there with him, rendering him assistance. The heathen Gallas in their miniature villages around the mission were following their usual simple avocations with no sense of fear, or of the danger that was now close at hand.

It was now about half-past eight o'clock. Mrs. Houghton, requiring some eggs for the purpose of making the cakes, had sent her cook, Mbaji, to see if he could buy any in the settlement. He went, but

was some little time before he returned: his spirit, he said, prompted him to linger. Mrs. Houghton, therefore, went to the door, and watched for his coming; and by her side stood the woman whose duty it was to fetch water from the spring, and who had just poured out the contents of her jar into a vessel placed in the verandah for the purpose. Looking up, this woman perceived Mrs. Houghton was intently gazing at something in the distance. Looking steadily in the same direction, she screamed, "Yes, Bibi! *these are Masai!*" and immediately fled to the forest close by, and saved her life. Who can describe the feelings of the brave missionary's wife at this critical moment. What should she do? She might have fled to the forest also with her servant, and so escaped danger, for the Masai never enter a forest. The way to the river too was clear and open, and as soon as the presence of the Masai was known some of the Gallas rushed to the waterside to escape across the river in canoes. Mrs. Houghton took neither of these courses, but immediately ran across the enclosure, out at the opening in the stockade, and along the road toward the chapel, "to warn her husband." He had, however, heard a commotion, and had just left the building. They met, and immediately hurried back toward the house, where with firearms ready in case of such an emergency as the present, Mr. Houghton would have been prepared to defend his own life and the lives of those dear to him. Meanwhile, during Mrs. Houghton's absence, a number

of the Masai, armed with long, heavy spears and terrible clubs have passed through the stockade and, not having found anyone at the house, were re-passing through the opening as the missionaries approached. Another party of these remorseless warriors had passed round the outside of the fence, and now, meeting their companions, the whole company came upon Mr. and Mrs. Houghton in the open road and at once surrounded them.

Over the events that now followed it were almost fitting that the veil should be allowed to fall, but that we cling with a loving yearning to the record of last moments of our dearest friends, though the knowledge we seek after wrings our very souls with agony. Let the sad story, then, be briefly, as it is sorrowfully, told. Without allowing time and opportunity for "palaver," had the difficulty presented by the languages been overcome, one of the tall young warriors raised his spear and struck Mrs. Houghton in the side, when she at once fell. The wound was mortal, and, caught up by attendant angels, the spirit of that brave Christian woman was carried to the Saviour, in whose service she had heroically died. The cruel and relentless strangers then attacked the helpless missionary himself, spearing him in the side, back, and in the neck, when he too fell in the road, only a few feet distant from where the lifeless body of his noble wife was lying; and another martyr spirit received an abundant entrance into the everlasting home of the blest.

The Masai, not content with having thus cruelly murdered those who had never harmed a member of their tribe, scattered themselves over the settlement and murdered whoever of the natives they found. By the riverside a number of terrified Gallas, heathen and Christian, were engaged in making their escape. Four of the boys who had from a distance witnessed the death of the missionaries succeeded in swimming across the river, and, as the Masai never cross rivers, were now safe. A large number of persons had crowded themselves into a canoe, which, in crossing the river, alas! upset, and fourteen persons were drowned. One poor woman, after the upsetting of the canoe, succeeded in gaining the Golbanti side of the stream, where she stood, waist deep in the water, holding on to the sedge growing by the river-side, when one of the Masai saw her and at once cruelly speared her to death.

Finding Godana in the chapel the Masai severely clubbed him and left him for dead. They also returned to the house, which they plundered of the bedding and of all the valuables their savage ignorance was able to appreciate; and, that no other human being might possibly escape by any secret hiding place, they speared the curtains of the bed, the pillows and mattresses, as well as the curtain that hung before the cupboard. The lamp was dashed to the ground, and the glass shattered into the smallest pieces. Having exhausted their desires for plunder and revenge the murderers departed, leaving over the

but late peaceful and busy settlement the gloom and silence of the grave, the dead unburied, and the mission-house in the most complete disorder and confusion.

There is something touching in the tenderness and love for the martyred missionaries which was shown by the terror-stricken Christian Gallas before the sun set on this memorable day. Immediately that the Masai had departed, the Gallas, who were in hiding in various places around the mission-station, came forth from their refuges and crossed to the other side of the Tana; but in the afternoon of the same day Shakala, Mbaji, and their companions recrossed the river to the mission, and tenderly and reverently gathered up the bodies of their late dear departed friends, and prepared them for their last resting-place. The spot chosen for the burial of the missionaries was inside the enclosure, near the stockade, and about thirty yards from the mission-house. Here the grave was prepared, and, amid silent sorrow, the martyred forms of Mr. and Mrs. Houghton were committed to the ground. The sorrowful offices for the dead being completed, the mourning friends recrossed the Tana to prepare for themselves temporary dwelling-places, and to send on the tidings of the tragedy to Lamu and Mombasa, the sad effects of which upon the minds of the missionary band there may be better imagined than described.

The news reached Mombasa just as Mrs. Wakefield and Mrs. Baxter, accompanied as far as Aden by

Mr. Wakefield, were, through the serious illness of their children, leaving for England. Mr. During therefore left Ribè to visit Lamu, and proceeded thence to Golbanti, to obtain the fullest news of the disaster, and to comfort and encourage the surviving Christians.

On returning from Aden, Mr. Wakefield disembarked at Lamu, and, accompanied by an Australian friend, proceeded by way of Kipini and the Ozi to Golbanti. With his sorrowful account of what took place there we will close this volume. Writing from Golbanti on August 26th, 1886, he says:

"We arrived at this place last Friday afternoon at three o'clock (August 20th). The monsoon being unfavourable we had to walk to Kipini. Our errand, that of visiting the Golbanti station after its unparalleled disaster, was a most painful one. As soon as we reached the landing place we saw on the opposite side of the river a small quantity of huts, which had been hastily put up. The few people we saw there were poor refugees, the few who had survived the Masai raid. They had crossed the river to seek a temporary shelter. We landed and walked on to the first mission-house, where the late Mr. Houghton and I lived together the last time I came up. In the evening we went to see the house which Mr. and Mrs. Houghton had chosen for their residence. On the way, and close to the road, we were shown a stick, planted in the ground, and were told that was the place where Mr. Houghton fell. A little further on,

and on the same side of the road, we were shown the charred remains of a young sapling, and that marks the spot where Mrs. Houghton was killed. We then went to the grave, where the bodies of our dear friends were buried. It is near the stockade, inside, and about thirty yards from the house. This was a sorrowful little journey over the ground, and we walked along in silence. We next opened the house and walked in. Here everything was in dreadful confusion. Lamp-glasses and tumblers thrown on the ground and shivered to pieces ; reels of cotton, the cotton tangled ; and pins and all sorts of things, rulers, pens, paper, an inkstand, &c., all scattered about in confusion. Two sad mementoes silently, but with touching pathos, told a sad tale. One was a basin of flour, which was standing on the table, and which Mrs. Houghton was using in making bread when the Masai appeared ; the other was a block almanack, which registered Monday, May 3rd, the day of the disaster.

" Mr. During had left the house as it was, when thus sacked, that I might see it for myself. The store-room had been entered also, and tacks, and nails, and tools scattered about. The table knives, which were in the sitting-room, the Masai had carried away, and some of the spoons. The bed-sheets, and pillow-cases, which were in use at the time, were carried off, but those in the drawers, and clothes, &c., in boxes, had escaped their notice. You can only very partially imagine what were our feelings while going through this sorrowful duty of inspection.

"The next day, thanks to Mr. During, who had brought up stone and lime and builders to the station, we were able to build a neat tomb, fittingly and permanently to mark the spot where our two martyrs are sleeping. It looks well, but it will ever be impressive with sad tidings.

"On Sunday afternoon at five o'clock, when there would be no fear of the Masai, as they only attack in the earlier part of the day, we read the funeral service over the grave, and then adjourned to the shady verandah of the house which Mr. and Mrs. Houghton formerly occupied, and here we held a service, our refugees attending from across the river. I preached from the text, 'I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord,' &c. On Monday we plastered the monument over the grave with pure lime, which gives it a clean and striking appearance, and hope soon to put on it a suitable inscription. We also laid the foundation of a stone mission-house."

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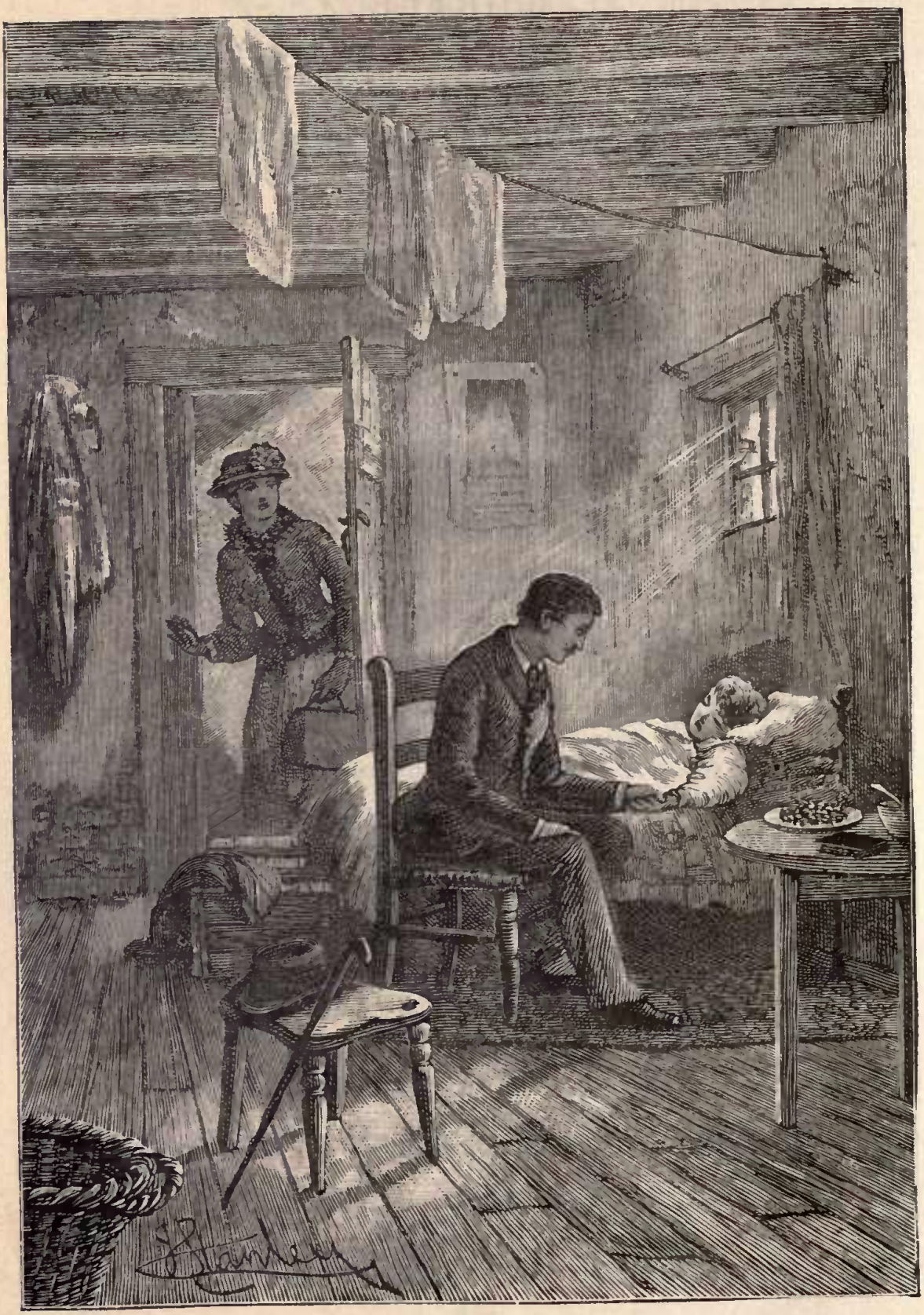

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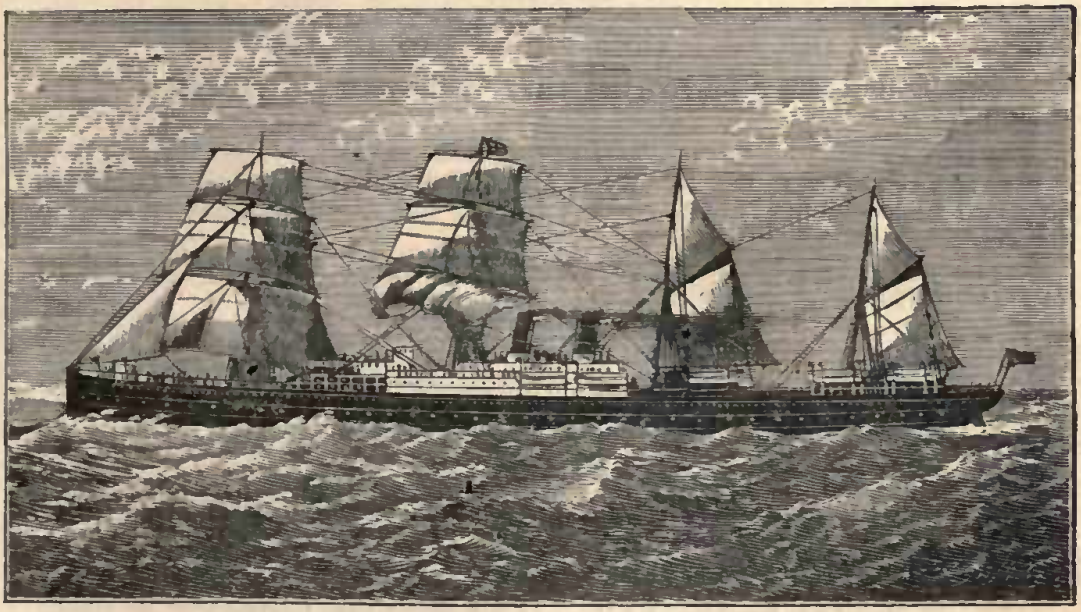

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